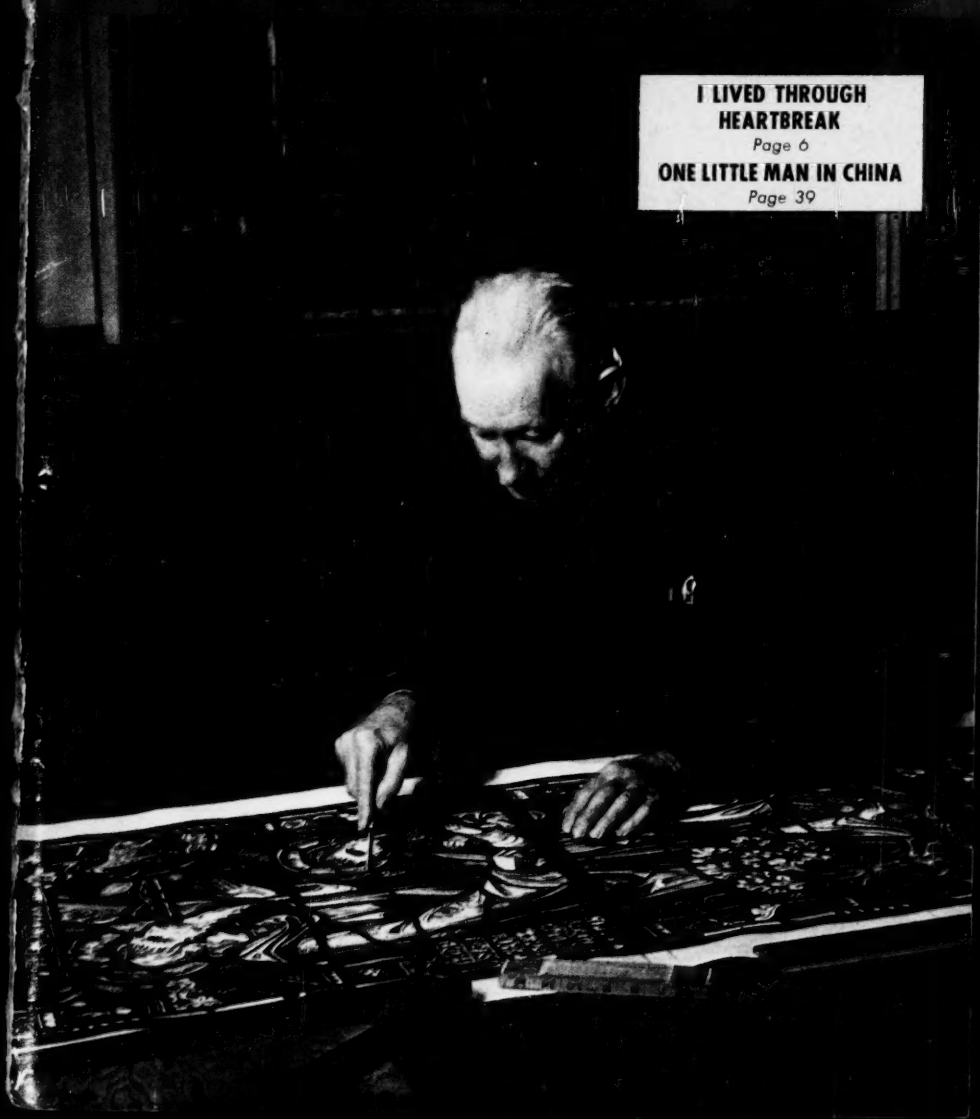
Catholic Digest

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Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

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The Haters

Half a million American homes are invaded every year by the printed lies of professional bigots

By ARNOLD FORSTER and BENJAMIN R. EPSTEIN

Condensed from *"The Troublemakers"**

ANTI-CATHOLIC prejudice has erupted in America from time to time for more than 100 years. In 1834, Samuel F. B. Morse, now famous as the inventor of the telegraph, published a series of attacks on Catholics. He was careful to use a pen name, so today not many people know of this black page in his career.

His articles ran in the New York *Observer,* and were later brought together in a book, *Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the U.S.* The same year, the Ursuline convent at Charlestown, Mass., was burned to the ground by a mob aroused by false stories of immorality in the convent.

Morse's book and many others like it stirred up a rash of anti-Catholic bigotry in the 1840's and '50's. Violence broke out in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Louisville, and Baltimore.

The first organized party of religious bigots was the Native Americans, which opposed free immigration because of the large numbers of Catholics coming into this country.

In 1852 a secret society, The Grand Council of the United States of North America, was founded. Also a political party, it soon came to be called the Know-Nothings, because its members gave that answer to all questions about the party's aims. But Abraham Lincoln was quick to see danger in the party. He wrote, "As a nation, we began by declaring that 'All men are created equal.' . . . When the Know-Nothings gain control, it will read: 'All men are created equal except Negroes, foreigners, and Catholics . . .!' "

The next organized efforts against the Church came from the American Protective association, founded in 1887. It published the *Menace,* and quickly rose from obscurity to become one of the most powerful influences in the nation. By 1894 it was entrenched in 24 states, and 70 weeklies helped spread its propaganda of hate

*Copyright, 1952, by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York City. 317 pp. $3.50.

against Catholics. The party finally split over the question of supporting McKinley for President and the issue of the Spanish-American war. The natural distaste of the American people for bigotry helped it on its way out.

In 1915, the "Invisible Empire" of the second Ku Klux Klan began a four-pronged attack on Catholics, Jews, foreign-born, and Negroes. The KKK imperial wizard, William Joseph Simmons, claimed that Catholics owe first allegiance to a "foreign institution." His successor, Hiram Evans, told 75,000 Klansmen assembled in Dallas that Catholics, Jews, and Negroes were "undesirable elements" who could never "attain Anglo-Saxon level." The klan at its height in the early 1920's had 5 million members. Public exposure of its terrorism and racketeering led to its speedy decline, yet the klan still exists and is active in many states. Its spirit flared in 1928 when Gov. Alfred E. Smith was named Democratic candidate for president. The klan played a strong part in his defeat.

Today, far from having spent itself, anti-Catholic bigotry seems stronger than ever. The line of Catholic baiters has changed little since Samuel Morse's day. There is still fear of Catholic "conspiracy" to control the world in general and the U.S. in particular. There are still efforts to cast doubt on the loyalty of American Catholics because of their "allegiance" to a "foreign power," the Vatican. There are still the same "revelations" by ex-nuns and ex-priests.

Like the anti-Semites, the anti-Catholics often use outright lies and crude forgeries. The National Catholic Welfare conference recently denounced a series of fraudulent letters cleverly designed to arouse ill will toward Catholics. The letters are sent to Protestants and purport to be written by "devout Catholics" who rage violently against Protestants. One, signed by a nonexistent "Monica O'Toole McNoonan, regent, Mother of God Immaculate Nocturnal Adoration society," condemned all "heretical Protestants who attack the Holy Father in Rome and seek to destroy this Catholic nation." Another such letter was signed by one Francis Xavier O'Toole and bore the return address of the "Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mother of God," also nonexistent.

Among present-day anti-Catholic bigots three stand out.

1. Harrison Parker is a kindly-looking gentleman of 73. He calls himself the "chancellor" of "The Puritan Church of America." He has offices at 1612 I St., Washington, D.C. His "church" has no congregation, meetings, church building, nor ritual. Yet he has raised huge sums of money to build a church, to operate it, and to establish a "free-Bible" fund. He publishes a violently anti-Catholic paper, the *Liberty Bell,* which claims

to uphold "the American way of life (Christianity) as against the Catholic way of life (paganism) or the Russian way of life (communism)." He also sends out many "newsletters," all with a donation form enclosed, to "fellow pilgrims" who are aware of the "Roman Catholic menace in the U. S." who want to have a part in "stopping its growth among the ignorant voters." The March 18, 1950, issue of *Liberty Bell* depicts the Catholic Church in America as the "money-making subsidiary of the Vatican government." The paper also asserted that the Pope owns, through dummies, the controlling interest in the Rock Island, the Milwaukee road, and other railroads in the U. S.

A typical headline in the 25th issue of *Liberty Bell* calls on the American people to "try Eugenio Pacelli, alias Pope of Rome, before the International Court of Justice in Geneva." The very next article charges that the Pope collaborated with Hitler and Mussolini in promoting the 2nd World War.

Parker was once advertising manager of the Chicago *Tribune*. Later he owned an advertising agency in Chicago, headed a life-insurance company, and ran a number of dairies and a grocery chain. For several years he was $45,000-a-year publisher of Hearst's Chicago *American*. Once he ran for President on an anti-New Deal ticket. About 1945 he read a Gallup-poll report which found that although most Americans believe in God, millions did not attend church. Parker immediately went into action. He organized his "Puritan Church of America," with himself as chancellor. He got about $60,000 from two wealthy women and was in business. He ran a picture-puzzle contest, and money began to pour in. He soon had more than $230,000 from the contest alone. The post office took a hand when hundreds of people complained that after five months no judges had been announced. The post office halted the contest, and issued a fraud order citing Parker and his associates. Parker has so far managed to block prosecution by charging "Catholic prejudice" for one judge after another and is, at this writing, free on bail.

2. Harvey H. Springer, the "cowboy preacher" is a hell-fire and brimstone anti-Catholic. He is an ordained minister. He has a church, which he claims is the largest in Colorado. He peddles religious hatred as a big business. He is heard each morning over the radio. He uses high-pressure advertising methods to solicit contributions. He also makes money from well-publicized evangelical tours. He mixes personal glamour with fundamentalist doctrine, spicing it all with hate and bigotry.

He talks with a Western drawl, wears a five-gallon Stetson, black shirts, loud scarves, and a fringed-

leather vest. He preaches now on his knees, whispering, now standing on two chairs, arms outstretched. He started his career as an anti-Semite, but soon found the anti-Catholic arena more fruitful. He printed and distributed a bogus Knights of Columbus "oath." It runs to several hundred words, of which this is a fair sample: "I do promise and declare that I will . . . make and wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants, and Masons, as I am directed to do . . . that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive these infamous heretics . . . ." Springer's authority for the "oath" is that it appeared in the *Congressional Record*. He does not say that it was printed there to expose it as a fraud that had been used in an election campaign 40 years ago.

3. Edward James Smythe uses equal parts of alcoholism and irrationality to keep up his campaign of religious hatred. He is a burly, unkempt figure with a rambunctious air who peddles anti-Catholic books and leaflets and conducts direct-mail campaigns for money. In 1941 he was denounced in Congress.

Later on, he was indicted and tried for sedition. Public documents link him with the German-American Bund and the Ku Klux Klan. He once distributed in this country large numbers of German-printed nazi propaganda pamphlets. He has offices at 1211 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C., and writes irresponsible letters on many different letterheads. The Dies committee listed Smythe's Protestant War Veterans of the U. S. as a fascist organization similar to Pelley's Silver Shirts. The New York Protestant council declared that Smythe's organization "has no connection with the established Protestant life and organizations of the nation."

In 1922 Smythe was committed to Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, for observation. He was discharged, although the diagnosis of one staff physician was that he was suffering from psychoneurosis. By 1926 he had headquarters in New York, and blossomed out as a "public-relations counsel." He promoted a drive for $250,000 to help "tuberculosis sufferers," but the drive was halted by the district attorney. He spoke frequently at anti-Roosevelt demonstrations, although he often got into some difficulty at these because he was almost continuously drunk. In 1945, the Secret Service requested the New York Police department to look into Smythe's Protestant Chaplains' association, which was reportedly a fraudulent enterprise.

In late 1951, Smythe was fighting a mail-fraud indictment handed down by a federal grand jury in New Jersey. He was charged with defrauding a woman in San Diego by charging her more than $2,500

for placing a bouquet of roses on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and sending her a rose that had touched the tomb.

Each year publications of hate peddlers like these three find their way into at least half a million American homes, and more than 2 million persons read them.

Their original statements are repeated in whispers and soon gain wide circulation. In this way the lies frequently become the "facts." No one remembers the initial source but everyone remembers that he has "heard it somewhere before." These propagandists cannot be dismissed as crackpots of no importance; they create too many public misconceptions.

* * * *



ERNIE M. MORRIS was riding horseback along the muddy roads of St. Joseph county, Indiana. Before him loomed the golden dome of the main building of Notre Dame university. The year was 1905.

The orphan hitched his horse, and headed for the president's office.

Ernie knocked timidly. A booming voice called, "Come in." The youngster found himself with Father John W. Cavanaugh.

"What can I do for you?" the priest asked.

"I want to get an education," replied the boy, "but I'm short of cash." Pointing out to his horse, he continued, "Dexter, there, is my sole possession. But I'm willing to work."

"We'll manage to find something for you," said the president.

"I'm not a Catholic. Will that make any difference?"

"No," smiled the priest, "Notre Dame was founded to help deserving boys, regardless of creed or race."

Ernie finished his law course and graduated with honors. He soon had a thriving law business. As he prospered, he became the champion of underprivileged children.

One spring day, 44 years after his graduation, Ernie returned to Notre Dame. He knocked on the president's door again, and heard the voice of another Cavanaugh, this time John J.

"I've always had a warm spot in my heart for Notre Dame," said the successful lawyer. "To show I haven't forgotten, here's a check."

The president took the check. It was for $1 million.

Today, the stately Morris Inn at the entrance of the campus offers shelter to friends and visitors of all faiths. Most significant of all, however, Morris Inn, the building erected by the befriended orphan, stands as the enduring symbol of the ties of understanding, friendship, and love which must forever bind Americans of all faiths as brothers.

From *The American Dream* by John A. O'Brien.

A distinguished actress tells how she rediscovered God and peace amid personal tragedy



I Lived Through Heartbreak



By HELEN HAYES

Condensed from *McCall's**

THIS is not an easy story to write. Although nearly three years have passed since my daughter Mary died, it is perhaps even now too soon to dig into and lay open the heart. But every day the letters come, and almost always they ask the same questions: "Where is courage to be found in the wake of tragedy?" "What can be done to find the way back from shattering grief?"

I know that each of us must travel the road alone, but I try to answer every letter. I try to tell what I have learned, without pretense and in humility. For some of what I have learned, ancient, yet as fresh as the morning, others have learned without enduring my anguish. This learning did not come to me immediately.

Mary was 19 when she died, radiant, full of the bloom of the green years. She was on the threshold of a promising career in the theater. I knew that for the first time when we were playing together in Sir James M. Barrie's *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*. It was her first professional performance. She was 16, and when she came out from the wings there was that mark of the real actress in her eyes, that spirit of make-believe that cannot be mistaken. She wasn't playing Amy, she *was* Amy, and I was so overcome I forgot my lines. Mary picked up the scene and saved me.

After that, all the planning was for the day she would be given her chance on Broadway. Every step was considered, carefully planned; and finally we found the play, William McCleery's *Good Housekeeping*. That was the one we were preparing, Mary and I in a play on Broadway, a dream to be nurtured, to be cherished with all the pride and love of parenthood.

When Mary died a few weeks before the fulfillment of the dream I thought my world had ended forever. I cried out many times, as countless others have done, the inevitable laments, the everlasting unanswerable questions: "Oh God, why?" and "God, I cannot stand

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. July, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by McCall Corp.

the torture. I cannot go on." For days after the funeral, as I sat with those who had come to be near and to serve, there was only that indescribable numbness that seizes and freezes mind, heart, and body.

There still was my husband to care for, and little Jamie, whom I had adopted when he was five months old, now grown into a boy of 14, understanding, alive, and kind. But the cold embrace persisted, and the reason for living was unresolved. Suddenly I had discovered how many plans had been made for her, reaching down the years of her life and including her children. I had not known how many plans had been made until she was not there and would never be again.

Finally my husband took up the theme that had been sounding endlessly in my ears. "You've got to get away, Helen. You've got to get away, and when you come back you will go on again with your work. You must work. That is the way." And my husband said, "We'll go to Peter's ranch in New Mexico. We'll go to Peter's ranch." It was like a haunting theme in the house, inescapable.

As last I said, "Yes, we'll go to Peter's ranch," even though I had never met Peter or his wife and wondered how they could possibly wish to have two mourners among them. What did they know of me other than my name, that I was Charles' wife, an actress?

My husband didn't know where in New Mexico Peter's ranch was, but somehow his telegram found its way. The reply came back, "Come. Come." These people had not considered that I might be a hysterical, neurotic, grief-stricken mother. All they said was "Come," and we flew to them. The plane was hours late, but they were there with their two children waiting, waving, taking us into their arms and hearts in warmth, without restraint.

From New Mexico we went to California, and from California to Honolulu. Everywhere it was the same, people pouring out their love and their kindness, people like Jimmy Stewart and his bride, who even on their honeymoon would not let us out of their sight. Those two who should have been alone planned their dinners and their trips with us. All this had not helped. I had run away, and running had done no good. There was no balm in flight . . . . there never is . . . . nor haven from memory. Mary had died, and my heart and soul were sick.

I needed desperately to find some way toward understanding what the future was to be, what possible purpose there might have been in the woeful cutting down of my child.

Death, I have found, though it be a clean wound, remains an inescapable sorrow. The passing of older people, no matter how near

and precious, is something that we know is inevitable. The initial impact is sharp, the loss deeply felt, yet time in its course can and does heal. From the beginning of maturity we are all conditioned to accept death. But the fall of the early bloom is not so easily accepted. Too much had been planned for Mary, too much had been dreamed, too much had been unfulfilled.

We left Honolulu and came back to our Nyack home on the Hudson. I tried to run my household, to do the marketing, to look after my husband and Jamie, to face present and future. I made appointments, but at the last minute always broke them, until one day my husband said, "Helen, you must work. You must go back to the theater, where you belong. Work will help erase the sorrow."

I don't know whether it was lack of strength or because it was easier not to quarrel. Like an obedient child, I said, "Yes, I'll work."

We plunged into rehearsals after Christmas, which I had wished to spend with Jamie. Once more I was caught up in the ancient routine of the theater, learning lines and scenes and building a character. We worked with only time out for sandwiches and sleep.

I am thankful for that now, deeply thankful. Had there been time to think, I might have failed before that opening curtain. Sitting in my dressing room, I would have remembered how Mary used to sit with me, allaying my usual opening-night forebodings with her cheerful chatter, remembering that she would not be there to greet me after curtain fall, to gently chide me for things I had done wrong. The fact that in the play I had to talk of my little boy who had died did not penetrate my consciousness. There was only time to think about my lines, for just before we opened in New York, that same evening, we had been given new lines to learn.

Our critical reception in New York was mostly good, my own notices excellent. Having to be at the theater every night was helpful. It did not seem to be so difficult to keep appointments, to enjoy my garden, tend the flowers, and behold the glory in a setting sun. Yet throughout the early run of the play I was restless. Personal triumph, no matter how glittering, no longer seemed to matter as much as it had before. Something had vanished. No repayment to vanity could cover that wound.

In my heart the search for affirmation continued, the quest for an answer still went on, though a little more clearly than before. Up until now I had had no mind of my own but rather, as one lost, had moved without direction. When they said "Fly" I flew, when they said "Work" I worked.

For hours during the day, before performances and on Sundays, I

walked through the woods at Nyack or sat beside the river, endlessly retreading the hard, tortuous mental road back to the tragic days.

And then one day I knew the way. I knew what had to be done. The answer seemed to come in a single blinding burst of light, but it must have started long before I was aware of it, at six-o'clock Mass in the little church of St. Jean Baptiste on Lexington Ave., not far from the hospital where Mary lay in a respirator during the last days.

Long before that I had drifted away from religion and the Church, and had been lost in my material world of happiness, honor, and fortune. Now, I suppose, I sought it out gropingly because everything else had been done and this seemed the only thing left to do. And because I had drifted away, I knew, kneeling there, that I was unworthy. I could not pray for Mary. I could not say, "Oh God, I know I have cut you dead for all these years. But please, God, forget all that. I am in terrible trouble now. Please help my child." I prayed instead for Him to give me some way toward understanding this awful thing that had happened, for some inner revelation that would lead me out of my travail.

But as I knelt there, with the early morning light pouring through the high stained-glass windows, no revelation, no understanding seemed to come. I looked around. I saw other people kneeling, too, those who begin their daily toils while others sleep, housekeepers, maids, truck drivers, charwomen. I asked myself, "What are all these poor people getting from this? In a few minutes they will be leaving this refuge to go out again to their humble, humdrum existences in a miserable, heartbreaking world."

Then I saw something I had never really seen before. I had known it, talked of it, but never truly felt it as I felt it that morning. As I knelt there I saw those people rise and go forward for Communion. In that moment they were at peace with God; their faces glowed; the spirit of goodness lighted their eyes.

That one moment revealed to me the divine goodness that lies hidden in men everywhere. In my anguish for my child it had been forgotten. But on that later day of revelation I remembered, and I suddenly understood all the goodness I had seen. Slowly it had forced its way to me through my pain.

I knew then that without that goodness and kindness I could not have survived. I remembered how my friends had come when Mary was ill, in the first minutes after she died, close friends and those who had somehow grown away. It would have been easy to make excuses. It is not a pleasant task to visit a mourner's house.

But they had come, scores of

them, to talk, to minister, to serve: Nedda and Joshua Logan; Dorothy and Richard Rodgers; Ruth and Garson Kanin; Nunnally Johnson, who left a sickbed in Hollywood and flew east to be near.

Those who could not come wrote, 3,000 of them, high and low, from cities, towns, hamlets, London, Rome, Paris, giving of their strength and their sympathy, praying for me in my disaster. Friends and strangers who had known similar heartache opened up their own wounds to show me that they too had gone on and that I would and must: Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who disclosed to me the long-hidden sorrow over the death of his first-born, a boy of three; Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, whose promising son Quentin had been killed at 29; Mrs. Glenn Frank, who had lost her only child of her flesh, as was Mary of mine; Clare Boothe Luce, reminding me of how her lovely Ann had been taken from her at 19 too, imploring me to believe that I had not lost my child. She wrote, "Now you will never lose her. She will always be very near you—very young, very gay, and always in your heart. Full of rich promise, a promise so rich that it could only be fulfilled in the sight of the Lord who made her."

This was the revelation, the way toward understanding for which I had prayed in the little church of St. Jean Baptiste. These kindnesses, this goodness, had to be repaid. For 41 years I had gorged myself on success and happiness. Everything had fallen into place as I had wanted it to, in a perfect pattern of hopes fulfilled. Completely occupied with my career and family, I had never known what it was to need people, the need of people for each other. Unaware of the human spirit, I had walked along as if on top of a high stone fence, my eyes carefully looking downward to watch every step in fear of falling off, concerned only with my own and my family's welfare.

I knew I could not walk that way any longer. I had to give back something for what had been given to me. Work, even absorbing, grueling work, was not sufficient. No longer could I concentrate on my own career. There had to be a sense of doing for others, and more —a sense of helping those who help others, to give comfort and solace and meaning to my life.

I have begun. In the the theater, which has given me so much, I am trying to help young people find their way. Young people need desperately to be heard, as I needed to be heard and listened to when I was young.

But there is more than that. There is the need to help those who are helping others. Not just lending my name to charity and civic crusades. I had always done that, and in my smugness and happiness that had always seemed

enough. But my child's death and the daily letters from parents similarly stricken have taught me the real meaning of the battle against infantile paralysis.

Through the Mary MacArthur Memorial fund, started by two of Mary's closest friends, Bethel Leslie and Patricia Kirkland, a symbol that youth cannot mourn but must fight, I have thrown myself into the struggle. Thousands are in hospitals, deprived of the normal ways of life; and facilities are short.

I am not a scientist, so I fight in the only way I know, trying to open the eyes of those who are more fortunate than I and the thousands of other parents who have known the grief of death and maiming. I speak at meetings, over the radio, and in homes, in the hope that with time and funds we'll know what has to be done against the crippler and killer of youth. My child's fund already has provided aid throughout the country, and not so long ago, under the auspices of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the Mary MacArthur Memorial Research Respirator center was opened at Wellesley Hills, Mass.

I have found comfort in doing, in visiting those who have been struck down, the children and the parents, in thinking that through Mary's death perhaps she and I were destined to have a little part in the final victory. I have learned ineffable gratitude for the Scriptural commandment to love thy neighbor as thyself. Now at last I know the solace that comes from its meaning.

Before, I had loved only myself. My aim was to make others love me. It wasn't selfish or mean, but I had never known what it was to love others as myself. I will not say that my world has been made whole again—it never can be—but there has been acceptance, even happiness, in giving and doing.

Yes . . .

A Paris reporter asked TV-comedian Milton Berle how he felt about Bishop Fulton Sheen competing with him. Said Berle, "We're known as Uncle Miltie and Uncle Fultie now. It doesn't make any difference if we're in competition. It's a pleasure to have him opposite me. After all, we're both using old material." *Time* (14 July '52).

But . . . .

No wonder Bishop Fulton Sheen's material is the envy of TV performers. His writers include Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle, Augustine, and Benedict. John Long in *Novena Notes* (4 July '52).

Your Back-Yard Zoo



You don't have to travel to see astounding creatures; they are all around us

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed from the *American Mercury**

IN ALL the fabulous zoo which is the earth, there is no more enchanted corner than the one right where we are.

It would be worth going a considerable journey to see a bird in which the life force burned with such fury that the bird had a pulse rate of nearly 1,000 beats a minute. Yet, all we need do is turn to the nearest everyday sparrow on the nearest twig. In all our common little birds, the pulse of life pounds along at that almost impossible rate.

How about a chance to see a bird flying backwards? That should be well worth slogging through a jungle to witness. But all we need do is step into our summer garden and watch a hummingbird. A hummingbird, making its exit from a deep flower tube, can reverse its wing angle and zoom straight backward as if jet propelled. How fast, do you suppose, is a flying hummingbird beating its tiny wings? The answer to that is a figure which, if we heard it about some faraway bird in a traveler's tale, would strike us as one of the wonders of the world. A hummingbird beats its wings more than 50 times a second.

Suppose we were told of an animal whose eye was so constructed that the beast could not only see ahead of it and out to the sides but could also simultaneously keep watch on what was happening behind its back? That sounds impossible. It isn't; the animal is that little cottontail rabbit over there, twinkling his nose and nibbling the meadow grass. His eyes are built with such a sweeping convexity that he can see full circle all around him. Or again, the dragonfly we see buzzing around our browsing rabbit in the summery field might also take our attention for a minute, while we're thinking of eyes. That everyday insect's eyes are faceted—each eye compounded of a cluster of "little" eyes, each of which gives its owner a separate view of a piece of the world. You and I, looking forth, see one view. That dragonfly sees 25,000.

It makes no difference where we look, we find ourselves surrounded by fabulous creatures. That wood-

*11 E. 36th St., New York City 16. June, 1952. *Copyright, 1952, by American Mercury Magazine, Inc.*

pecker over there, drumming and hammering away at the tree bark to find insects, how can he have a long enough tongue to extract them from their deep crannies? Neither the Grand Canyon nor the Falls of Victoria Nyanza are a wilder wonder than that bird's tongue. To perform its peculiar work, it has to be so long that, instead of being rooted in the woodpecker's gullet, it actually runs way back up over the woodpecker's brain and is anchored in the front of the bird's skull.

That squirrel capering and jumping among the branches in the woodpecker's tree, surely there isn't anything very extraordinary about him? There are easily 100 things. To take just one: he has no "blind spot." His optic nerve is specially flattened out, so that when he makes his soaring leaps from twig to twig there is never a significant piece missing from his visual field as there is from ours. Ants marching up and down that trunk are inhabiting, by virtue of an astonishing gift, a realm of experience closed to us. They can see ultraviolet light. The butterfly flitting there from one blossoming spray to another is making use of a taste faculty so fantastically subtle that no animal performance in the most exotic jungle is more amazing. That butterfly can detect the presence of sugar in a mixture of one part to 300,000. The inconspicuous bark-gray wood tick that drops off the tree trunk onto our passing dog has performed the exquisite sensory feat of feeling the passing animal's blood heat. The blind mole tunneling its way down in the darkness among the tree roots is an animal that has the eerie gift of hearing with its tail.

If we journey to distant India, we can find swifts that are said to fly 200 m.p.h. That is breathtaking, yes. But if we will watch the warty toad that lives under our front porch we can see split-second speed no less impressive. A toad catches insects by nabbing them with its long sticky tongue. Sluggish and placid though a toad seems to be, that tongue thrust is one of the most startling agilities in nature. The whole operation, flinging the long tongue forth, nabbing the prey, and hauling tongue and tidbit back, takes place in a fifteenth of a second.

In childhood we may marvel at tales of the power and endurance of elephants, hoisting gigantic teak logs, smashing tree trunks as though they were slivers. We may wish yearningly that we could journey to the world's far jungles to witness such things. There is more astonishing strength, and infinitely more astonishing endurance, in those familiar and fragile creatures of everyday, the common flies and bees. A fly or bee in flight beats its wings between 300 and 500 times a second. Furthermore, these delicate creatures have proved

able, in scientific tests, to endure rigors which would kill a man (or an elephant) instantly.

Dr. Frank Lutz, the entomologist, once put insects in a jar from which the air was sucked out until its atmosphere was thinner than it would be at an altitude of 17 miles. No man nor elephant could stand that, of course. The insects did. In another experiment, air and moisture were pumped out until not only was there a vacuum but even the insects' body moisture had been extracted. For a full minute the vacuum was held, and then abruptly air was let in again with a rush. Under such a change of pressures as that, the strongest elephant in the world would be blasted to death in a second. Butterflies and bumblebees proved tough enough to stand it.

Why doesn't that minnow in our brook bump into things when the water is so roily it can't see? The fish "feels" the nearness of rocks or other obstacles, through the canal of what is called its lateral line, running from gill to tail. That canal lies just under the fish's skin, and here and there skin openings place it in direct contact with the water. A multitude of nerve endings connect the lateral line with a greater nerve beneath it, and where the lateral line comes to an end at the fish's head it branches into its brain.

The homely and familiar bat, flitting around our heads in the dusk, is performing one of the most astonishing sensory feats on earth. It is finding its way by sonar. All the while it is flying through the darkness it is continually uttering supersonic cries; and it is the bouncing back of these humanly inaudible sounds from the objects in the landscape that guides our bat so unerringly that it can fly at top speed and not touch an obstacle.

That snake over there on the sun-warmed rock ledge can tell temperatures with a more delicate discrimination than a thermometer. That chicken scratching away in our farmyard can localize sounds more precisely than any man who ever lived. The bees droning over our flowers have a time sense as accurate as a watch. How would we like to be able to see an animal with such fabulous ears that the sounds that are just barely audible to us at 200 yards are easily heard by it at a full mile, and with such a fabulous nose that it can detect a smell that's been diluted 4 million times? We don't have to go far. We can just whistle for Rover or Spot. He's the one that can do these things.

God, as the Bible puts it, looked upon *all* the things that He had made and found them good, which is to say that His creatures are all an astonishment, each one as much as every other one. All the wonder of this creation's zoo lies just here, right around us.

The Spendthrift Wife



Like the chronic alcoholic, she is ill with a malady rooted in her long ago

By JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS
Condensed from *Nation's Business**

THE SPENDTHRIFT WIFE: everyone gets a laugh out of her financial antics except her husband, who is stuck with the bills. For him, marriage boils down to a nightmare of figures.

Desperately he borrows from friends, relatives, neighbors, even the boss. As soon as his new car is paid for he dashes down to the bank to take a loan on it.

He jokes, "Well, I'm still one jump ahead of the sheriff!" but his laughter is hollow. His own suit is shiny and his hair always a little overgrown. But his pathetic little personal economies aren't even a finger in the dike. After a while, an ulcer begins to flare up; or the company doctor, in a routine check, tells him, "You have high blood pressure!"

Storekeepers know the spendthrift wife well. She is a cinch to fall for a so-called bargain. She rushes out on Monday morning to buy anything that looked new and novel in the Sunday newspapers. She has a poor sense of values and always makes it a point to buy the most expensive of three similar items. "You can't go wrong, buying the best!" she defends herself.

Storekeepers consider her a valuable, if risky, customer. Sometimes, they, too, like her husband, are charmed into extending her more credit than they should. Fortunately for the merchants, psychiatrists have found that the impulsive spender nearly always attracts the kind of mate who will make sacrifices to pay her bills.

Dr. Eleanor Crissey of the Department of Psychiatry at Cornell Medical school points out that the man who marries an impulsive spender has two problems. One is grimly practical, the other emotional.

He worries first about the hopelessness of the family's financial future. Then, when he feels he can stand it no longer, he speaks up forcefully on the subject. His protests bring on stormy scenes and tears. He is often subjected to the injustice of hearing his daughter say disgustedly, "Daddy's yelling about money again!" Or his wife

*1615 H St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. July, 1952. *Copyright, 1952, by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S.*

begins to serve skim milk, stew, and cabbage, and goes in for other economies in a none-too-subtle effort to make him feel like an unreasonable cheap skate.

"Truly," says Dr. Crissey, "the man who has a spendthrift wife fights his battle alone."

To the rest of the world such a wife often seems to be an ideal mate and an excellent mother. Her husband is told how lucky he is to have such a cheerful, good-natured, easygoing wife. She usually is warmly affectionate and makes friends easily. In trying to effect financial reforms her husband is nearly always defeated by the fact that he finds her very lovable and can't bear to see her unhappy.

Reasoning with her is difficult. She can justify every expenditure. "But we needed it!"

If all else fails, the closing dialogue usually runs something like this: "B-but I only w-wanted the house to l-look pretty for you, John!"

John implores, "Please don't cry. Keep the dratted chair. I mean, it's a beautiful chair. I like it."

Such irresponsible mixing of money and emotion shows that the spendthrift wife is suffering from a mild emotional illness psychiatrists call a neurosis.

It is shocking but, says Dr. Crissey, quite true that the emotional problems of the spendthrift are related to those of the chronic alcoholic, gambler or dope addict. All of these, including the uncontrollable spender, are people who, as children, were somehow sadly disappointed by what life had to offer. They grew up to be adults who were soured on reality.

For many a wife, buying extravagant things provides an escape. Conceivably she could just as easily have taken to drinking the cooking sherry or going on sleeping-pill jags. She finds, however, that going on a shopping spree gives her a lift. As a vice, extravagance has the decided advantage of carrying almost no physical or social penalties.

Money, or rather the lack of it, has had a big influence on her life. Her childhood was probably poor, or at least she was somehow made to feel poor. She is often the daughter of a woman who also struggled to "keep up appearances" and lived beyond the family income. One woman's father had pushed his income up to $40,000 a year. Then her mother forced a move into a neighborhood known as Millionaire's Row. There they were hopelessly outclassed. All through her girlhood they were plagued by the mortgage.

The impulsive spender is dedicated, as an adult, to making up for what she suffered in childhood. She identifies herself with the young, helpless, underprivileged. A gift to them is a gift to herself, 20 years late.

Casual observers say she is generous to a fault with her own chil-

dren. But here the flaw in her seeming generosity is quickly revealed. She rarely bothers to find out what her children, as individuals, wish or need. Instead, she insists that they have the things she once longed for so fiercely for herself.

So much for the psychological causes that produce the spendthrift wife. But now that you've got her, what can you do about her? First of all, Dr. Crissey warns hastily, be sure that it's your wife, and not you, who is neurotic about money.

Husbands, too, can have abnormal feelings about money. The responsibility of having to earn the family living sometimes makes a man so conscious of every penny that any deviation from the strictest budget seems like an outrage. He accuses his wife of being a spendthrift every time she buys a pair of stockings or a mop.

Before you try to reform her, ask yourself: 1. Is her overspending chronic and habitual? 2. Does she run up debts that I can't pay and that she knows I can't pay? 3. Does she weep, lose her temper, sulk or exhibit some other irrational reaction to my efforts to discuss our money problems?

If the problem exists, says Dr. Crissey, you can be sure that the spendthrift wife won't outgrow it or "get satisfied." When the house is completely furnished and decorated and her closet is bursting, she widens her interests to meet the emergency. She can always collect things, paintings, glass, silver, antique furniture. Or, if desperation really drives you into the upper brackets, she can go in for rose gardening or dachshund breeding.

The situation calls for the direct approach. But it must be the right one. If you roar and tear your hair over mounting bills, you can certainly extract a promise of reform. She'll vow, "Never again!" and mean it.

The truth is that she always expects each extravagance to be her last.

As she tells the clerk, "Charge it, please!" she thinks happily that she has finally found the one item she needed to make her content. But the feeling doesn't last, and neither will her promise.

If she is nagged too much, she may resort to vengeful spending. "Run up too many bills, do I?" she'll mutter. "I'll really show him what bills are!"

Cutting off her charge accounts may drive her to buying on time-payment plans or even send her to the small-loan people. Nor will it help to hurl your pay envelope in her lap and snarl, "Okay, you manage the money! See how you like it!"

"The major hurdle for the husband who is hoping to reform a spendthrift wife," Dr. Crissey asserts, "is to get a good, firm grip on his own emotions. He must be kind but firm. Long, sensible talks, with the emphasis on affection

rather than reproach, won't end the problem but may subdue it."

Improvement can be brought about by letting up on the pressure to reform and ignoring the subject for several months. This will be easier to do if you can arrange to backlog your finances through automatic payroll deductions and other compulsory-saving schemes.

But the most permanent effect, Dr. Crissey believes, will be achieved by the husband who is able to make his spendthrift wife see that her problem is emotional.

To learn that psychiatrists look on irresponsible spending as they do alcoholism often comes as a jolt.

One wife was reformed overnight when her husband persuaded her to take a job. She snatched her first check and galloped happily downtown. She was back in less than an hour, looking very upset.

"Say!" she remarked. "Money doesn't go far these days, does it?"

Too Polite

POLITENESS can be overdone, claims Father Edward H. James, Maryknoller from Washington, Ind., now stationed in Rosana, Africa. If a priest is caught in a crowd here, someone usually shouts, "Let the padre through." Or if a priest stops to watch a group of lads playing soccer, someone is sure to say, "Let the padre play too." But last week, Father James ran into a group of natives who had cornered a ten-foot momba snake, the deadliest type in Africa, and someone suggested, "Let the padre kill the snake."

The *Josephinum Review* (16 July '52).

Sportsmanship

ST. BERNADINUS, a priest, originated boxing—to keep parishioners from disemboweling one another in duels. That was in Sienna, Italy, about 1200 A.D.

Fist fights had bashed gladiators' brains out for centuries. Thesus, son of a Roman king, devised fisticuffs as a sport to thrill holiday crowds. By his rules, only death could count fighters out. Their fists were wrapped with steel-spiked leather. They sat on flat rocks, noses almost touching, and brained each other. No defense; no rounds; no referee.

St. Bernadinus refereed his parishioners' bouts, and stopped them when honor had been avenged—before either fighter was seriously damaged. The priest stressed defensive blocking. He taught "boxing up" an opponent's attack with one's arms—the first protective tactics in fist-fighting.

From *Sport Classics of a Century*, edited by Allison Danzig and Peter Brandwein.

Chiang Kai-shek Waits

He has been out of power three times before, and history more than once has proved his policies could have won if supported by his allies

By H. MACLEAR BATE

Condensed from *"Report from Formosa"**

I HAVE pledged myself to return to the mainland. There is no argument possible about that. I have given my word to return, so I shall return." Chiang Kai-shek sat at the end of the old-fashioned board-room table, speaking quietly and earnestly.



He was dressed plainly in a sober-looking uniform of olive drab. He wore none of the many medals given him by the Allies, not even the coveted Grand Cross of Bath, the highest order Britain can confer on foreign officers. The American Legion of Merit was also absent.

His shoes were shining, but they were shoes, not jackboots. His slacks were neatly pressed, but they were unadorned by any stripe. His tunic is of the old-fashioned high-necked style. When he goes out he puts on a Chinese cavalry cloak without any distinguishing marks.

I was a trifle surprised at the unimpressive look of the man. He seemed utterly unlike the usual Nationalist portrayal of the "Man of Destiny." Chiang does not strike dynamic poses. To visitors he does not show his talent for rhetoric. After the build-up given him by his supporters, I was shocked to find him gentle and almost shy in his greeting. Only the eyes of Chiang show something of the steel that lies hidden in his fragile body. They are expressive eyes. They can soften to tenderness when he speaks of old friends or cherished memories. But they can, I noticed, assume a frozen, implacable hate when he talks about communism.

Why, I asked, did he feel so confident of eventual victory on the mainland? With a grim smile, he

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advised me to study Peking's own official "treason-trial" announcements. If they were so anxious to punish, he hinted, then things were indeed not going well across the water. In addition, he added, his army now knows what it is fighting against quite as well as what it is fighting for. The army on Formosa is the pick of the Kuomintang. In China proper, underground resistance grows day by day.

Did he really believe all this, I wondered, as an attendant served us glasses of fragrant Soochon tea? Chiang would hardly be human if he did not claim his cause was bound to prosper. Yet there are grounds for thinking that his claims are based on something more than wishful thinking. After all, this is not the first time Chiang has been in political eclipse. Many forget that Chiang has resigned high office three times when persuaded that there would be a better chance for China if he was out of the way. Britain in 1940 closed the Burma road, China's life line to the West, to appease the Japanese. Chiang accused her of shortsightedness. Later events proved him perfectly right. Could it be that he is right again? He is certain that the entire world will eventually be forced to back him against China and Russia.

Under the glass top of his desk is a map of the world. On his bookcase he has a golden globe, the place names in Chinese. And Chiang can claim to have more experience with the Asiatic world than any of his critics. As a young man he was sent to Russia by Sun Yat-sen. He has learned his lessons in a hard school, and he has probably had more experience of brute force and subtle plotting than any Westerner.

First and foremost, he is a soldier. He trained in military academies in China and later in Tokyo, where he was graduated and became a trooper in the Japanese field artillery. He helped Sun Yat-sen overthrow the 300-year-old rule of the Manchu empire. He founded the Chinese military academy at Whampoa in 1924, and made it into a Chinese West Point. The "hard core" of his Nationalist officers today are graduates of Whampoa.

Among the Chinese there is a deep bond of almost filial loyalty between teacher and pupil and between comrades in arms. At Whampoa, this quality was developed to the full. Cadets were picked for loyalty and courage as well as for purely military aptitude.

Chiang can be surprisingly generous to old foes, once they have ceased to menace him. He has awarded pensions to some who have mended their ways.

His Taipeh headquarters has been called "the heart of a fortress." You are checked at two separate guard posts. After a conversation

with an army officer whose smiling courtesy is backed by bayonets, you are conducted to Chiang. At the foot of the staircase and along the corridors you see plenty of soldiers, their guns at the ready.

Americans and Englishmen sense an air of melodrama. Here seem the trappings of dictatorship. Yet Chiang goes unescorted to his office every morning in a sleek black Cadillac. There are none of the usual jeeps, sirens, and armed outriders that accompany any Western general in dangerous territory. Chiang, the man who is so badly "wanted" by his foes, travels 10 miles of lonely, winding road each morning and evening with only his chauffeur and an aide. This is hardly the course of a frightened man.

I well remember a speech Chiang made to 100,000 people in Nanking on his 50th birthday. "From the time I was nine, when my father died, until I was 25, my mother never spent a day free from trouble. Though often anxious about my fugitive life, she was calm and confident, regarding the rebuilding of our home as her care.

"She taught me how to behave myself. She taught me manual labor. She told me that misfortune, danger, and suffering was a daily occurrence in every corner of this world. Only self-reliance and self-betterment would find a way out.

"She taught me that from the family is built the nation. She said a good son does not merely fulfill his obligations to his parents, but must devote himself to the nation. No man can ruin others unless he ruins himself. No other nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves.

"We lived, widowed mother and fatherless son, in the shadow of cold realities. Yet my mother showed me that injustice and oppression might disappear from human history. Such is the debt I owe my mother.

"During all my years, what I ate, what I wore, and all the things I needed daily were provided by the nation. I got what I had through the sweat and toil of the people. All this I owe my country. The difficulties that concern the state and the misery of the people is great. I am ashamed to think I have let so much time go by without fulfilling my duty. Now, while the trees by the grave of my mother have grown tall and thick, I realize how little I have accomplished."

These are not the words of a despot but of a poet. He may have the powers of a dictator, but a "crook" does not speak this language nor cultivate this philosophy. And Sumner Welles, American former undersecretary of state, tells a different story. "He has been untiring in the pursuit of his country's interests as he has seen them. His resiliency has been superhuman."

When the mechanized might of Japan was thrown against Chiang's

army in 1937, the task was not so simple as the men in Tokyo planned. The Chinese armies reeled, retreated, and here and there were routed. But they stabilized a 2,800-mile front, behind which Chiang set up his capital at Chungking. He held that line nearly four years while his commanders perfected themselves in guerrilla warfare and infiltration tactics.

But by 1940 things looked very black for China. Britain closed the Burma road and France let the Japanese occupy Indo-China. Official peace overtures were made, but Chiang wouldn't listen. When his advisers pointed out the mathematical odds against China, Chiang lashed out at them with his tongue.

"You count how many men we have. How much petrol, how much ammunition. But I care nothing about that. I do not count. When I started 15 years ago, I had only 2,000 cadets in a military school. England, France, America, and Japan were against me. I had no money, no allies.

"But I marched north, and we beat the war lords, and China was united. Today we have 3 million men and half the country. We have powerful friends. Let the Japanese come on. Let them drive me into Tibet. I will return and I will conquer all China again."

Now Chiang could well remind me that "past examples" prove the value of standing up to the overwhelming. But he finds it hard to forgive Britain for recognizing the Reds and for not allowing him to be represented at the Japanese peace treaty.

No picture of Chiang would be complete without a reference to the celebrated and spectacular Madame Chiang Kai-shek. When Chiang arrived at an allied conference during the war he was accompanied by only a handful of advisers. The British had 200. But Chiang had his wife with him, and he counted her as "worth 10 divisions."

Yet, rightly or wrongly, Madame is blamed for many of his present difficulties. It is painfully true that Madame's relatives became much richer after Chiang rose to power. Yet Chiang himself never profited a penny from the huge grafting that admittedly went on in his government. His modest tastes in living and dress belie any hint of avarice.

Madame's political speeches have often alienated sympathy in the outside world. When Britain recognized Red China, Madame denounced Great Britain as a "moral weakling who has bartered her soul for 30 pieces of silver. One day these pieces of silver will bear interest in British blood, sweat, and tears on the battlegrounds of freedom. Shame on Britain." Exactly 11 months later, detachments of the Royal Ulster Rifles landed at Pusan, Korea. Events had proved her right, but Britishers could not forget the insult. Madame nowadays

is unwontedly quiet and away from the limelight. She is busy with organizing working parties to provide clothes for the troops.

In this less flamboyant role she is doing very well. I saw for myself the well-to-do working side by side with the humblest on her projects. I went out to see her in the modest bungalow Chiang and Madame occupy in the Grass mountain. She wore a deceptively simple Shanghai-style frock, with buttons of solid gold. With her nylon stockings and Parisian shoes she looked 32 rather than her 52 years. She spoke English with a slight American accent.

I found her in a conciliatory mood. "The British are realistic people. They will eventually see how foolish they have been to compromise with the Reds. With the Reds there can be no compromise."

Neither Madame Chiang nor the Generalissimo give in lightly to reverses. I can never forget a description of Chiang given by Anthony Eden right after the Cairo meeting in 1943. "Under the outward gentleness and gracefulness of this remarkable personality, there is a core of supple steel. His is the strength that you feel cannot be broken; it can only be bent, to strike back again with even greater force."



Flights of Fancy



Kites shinnying up the breeze. *Eunice Schull.*

To hide a secret from her is like trying to smuggle daybreak past a rooster. *Gene Fowler.*

The road looped like a lariat around the hills. *Walter Havighurst.*

Maples sifting the sunlight. *Carl Carmer.*

The sky had been washed with rain and scrubbed with the wind until it shone. *Anne Parish.*

Sunlight twinkled on the water like a million gold coins sent spinning. *Harper's Bazaar.*

A politician trying to save both his faces. *John Gunther.*

A clear conscience is a soft pillow. *R. M. B.*

The eternal peacefulness of women sewing. *Esther Meynell.*

Hearing aid: an amendment to the constitution. *Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

A lanky boy whose bolts need tightening. *Charles Brooks.*

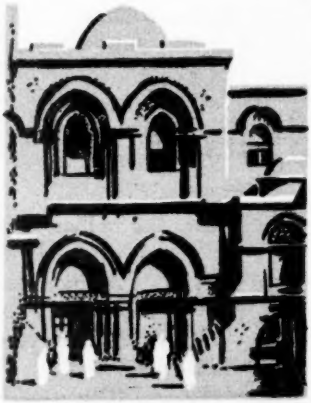
[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which $2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

In the Church of the Holy Sepulcher

At dusk as quiet as the bottom of the sea, the holy place comes to life a little before 11.

By EVELYN WAUGH
Condensed from the *Month**

THE PILGRIM'S instinct is deep-set in the human heart. It is indeed an affair of the heart rather than of the head. Reason tells us that Christ is as fully present in one church as in another, but we know by experience that some churches have what we most inadequately call an "atmosphere" in which we pray easily, while others do not. How much more is this true of the spots marked by great events and by the devotion of the saints.



In the last 100 years Lourdes and Fatima have taken rank with the great centers of medieval devotion. Restlessness and mere curiosity no doubt have a part, but far above these is the empty human imagination seeking an object for its attention. In this most natural quest the Holy Land has for the Christian a primacy which Rome itself cannot approach.

Jerusalem had been the sacred city of Christendom for 600 years before it fell to Omar in 637. The ancient city comprises a dense constellation of Christian holy places. This term can be used loosely to include all properties belonging to various Christian bodies, convents, hostels, churches, many of which sprang up in the Holy Land during the last century of Turkish rule; strictly it should mean only those places which were venerated before the Mohammedan invasion as the sites of Christian history.

Of holy places in this strict sense there are some 40 in the walled city of Jerusalem and on the mount of Olives; seven in the adjoining vil-

*114 Mount St., London, W. 1, England. March, 1952. *Copyright 1952 by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford St., London, W. 1, England.*

lage of Bethany, and 16 in and around Bethlehem, which is five miles distant by the old road, now cut by a Jewish salient. All these lie in the *de facto* authority of the Hashamite Kingdom of Jordan. In the State of Israel lie the Church of the Dormition and the Cenacle, under the walls of the old city, three Holy Places at Ein Karim, one at Emmaus, nine at Nazareth, five on the Sea of Galilee, three at Cana, one at Carmel.

It is a fact that many visitors are disconcerted by what they see there. Those who come fresh from the towering splendors of Catholic Europe find architecture which is often ramshackle, often meanly modern.

Those guests who come from the light, spacious, plain conventicles of Protestant worship find murky caves cluttered with shabby ornament and echoing with exotic liturgies. Those whose imaginations have been filled from childhood by bright biblical illustrations and familiar hymns find a confusing topography in which the Way of the Cross runs through an oriental bazaar.

A little girl remarked at Calvary, "I never knew our Lord was crucified indoors"; she was expressing an uneasiness that troubles many minds; that troubled General Gordon so much that he was impelled to seek the tomb elsewhere and to find it in a site, archaeologically preposterous, the "Garden tomb," which has comforted many bewildered Nordics.

What I suppose is plain to anyone who accepts the truth of the Gospels is that Galilee and the district in and around Jerusalem are sacred to the incidents of our Lord's life, death, resurrection, and ascension. It is, moreover, certain that the vast majority of the spots venerated today were those identified by a living tradition in the 4th century and have been continuously recognized ever since.

Whether this living tradition erred occasionally and precise spots were unenthusiastically accepted where a rather vague memory survived, we cannot know. Recent excavations, for example, those at the Lithostrotos of Pilate's Judgment hall, have confirmed tradition. We now know that our forefathers were wrong in supposing that the Ecce Homo arch was the building from which Christ was exposed to the people. We do know, however, that deep below the present Via Dolorosa there does lie the actual path He trod to Calvary. We cannot know whether the Stations are exact sites of the incidents.

The holy places indeed comprise the whole gamut of credibility. But the devotion of centuries has made the traditional site a holy place in fact.

When all small debts to plausibility have been paid in full, the residual wealth of the Holy Land in authentic gilt-edged association

is incomparably large. The supreme treasury is, of course, the great Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

And here, as one might expect, one finds exemplified and accentuated all the peculiarities of the Holy Land. The first impression, as one enters the courtyard, is that one has come inopportunely. The steps by which one approaches are arched over with a structure of steel girders and wood props; the fine, 12th-century façade and entrance are entirely obscured by scaffolding.

Inside, as one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom, one finds that all the arches of choir and rotunda are reinforced with a dense armature of timber, that everywhere a forest of beams and struts spreads between the ancient columns, and that the walls are bound like a clumsily wrapped parcel with a tangle of steel ties. There has been some recent mishap or some deficit has suddenly become apparent, the visitor supposes. Work must be in progress; the men are just on holiday.

But such is not the case. The disturbance took place in 1927. Grave danger to the whole fabric was apparent seven years later and these girders and balks of timber are the hasty improvisations of local British engineers, a first-aid treatment while the ecclesiastical authorities were deciding on a plan. In 1942 further dangers were discerned and further temporary measures taken by the same engineers. Now they have gone away; nothing is being done.

The principle of the *Status Quo* of 1757 was that property belonged to whoever could prove that he had last exercised the right of repairing it. While certain places were subdivided, others were left as common property, which includes the general fabric of the building, without the consent and participation of all. There is thus a complete impasse in which the place is visibly falling to pieces.

In this situation a totally new plan has been produced under the patronage of the apostolic delegate in Jerusalem. It is one of total demolition and rebuilding. Two Italian architects have envisaged a scheme of town clearance, demanding a whole quarter of the densely populated city; demolishing two mosques, including the historic site of Omar's prayer, and the ancient convents that now cluster round the basilica; and planting in the center of this space a huge new edifice in the center of which Calvary and the Sepulcher stand, as they did under Constantine, as separate buildings in an open court. Centered in this court would stand the churches of all the rites which have claims in the existing building, and also the Anglican Church, which does not.

No one, I think, regards this undertaking as practicable; few as desirable. Apart from any esthetic

objection—and there are many—there is the supreme objection that this immense erection would be in effect a monument to the divisions of the Church.

These divisions are so much a part of the tradition and daily lives of the Franciscans of the Custody that it is small wonder if they have come to accept it as something normal and permanent. But there is all the difference between a quarrelsome family who still share one home and jostle one another on the stairs, and one which has coldly split up into separate, inaccessible households.

The extreme animosities of the past have subsided, but it is not impossible that they should break out anew. The clergy of the different rites treat one another with courtesy but they are constantly vigilant; no quarrels have recently occurred because the *Status Quo* has been rigidly observed. Any infringement of it would provide immediate protest and, perhaps, retaliation.

It is, of course, all very unseemly and unedifying. But so also is the division of the Church. Under the proposed reconstruction there will be no fear of friction. It would be a great deal more convenient for everyone concerned. But ease would have been bought by the formal perpetuation of a disgrace.

What is needed, surely, is not the grandiose Franciscan plan, but a patient restoration of the building as it stood before 1800. This, indeed, would be no small task, but no greater than the restoration of Rheims cathedral after the 1st World War, and of far wider significance.

If the funds and the direction came from some source quite unconnected with any of the rival religious bodies, their consent would doubtless be obtainable. It is a task for which the United Nations are eminently suited. They owe a heavy debt to the Holy City. This might form a token payment.

But even in its decrepit and defaced condition the great church is an inspiration for the whole history of Christendom and is there to be read by those who trouble to study it. Even the superstitions of early science have their monument there in the stone called "the center of the earth." Every degree of pilgrim and tourist pass and repass all day long, with every degree of piety and insolence, but at night the place really comes to life.

There is only one door now. It shuts at sundown. Just before that hour an Arab soldier clears the darkening aisles of the last penitents and sightseers. The Arab doorkeeper, whose family have held the office since the time of Suleiman the Magnificent—since Omar, some will tell you—climbs a ladder and turns the locks from outside, passes the ladder in through the square trap which a priest locks from his side.

The windows fade and disappear, the roof is lost. There is no light except from the oil lamps which glow on Calvary, before the Sepulcher and over the Stone of Unction. Absolute silence falls. The air becomes close and chilly, with the faintest smell of oil and candle wax and incense.

The place seems quite empty. But, in fact, there are 30 or more sleeping men tucked away out of sight in various dens and galleries, like bats in a sunless cave. Nothing happens for hours. Some of the oil lamps begin to burn out. You can sit on the doorman's divan and think yourself at the bottom of the sea.

And then, a little before 11 o'clock, lights begin to appear and move in unsuspected apertures and galleries. There is a snuffling and shuffling and from their various lairs, the Greek from a balcony above the rock of Calvary, the Franciscan from a tunnel in the wall beyond the Latin chapel, the Armenian down an iron fire escape above the spot of the Stabat Mater, three bearded sacristants appear and begin filling and trimming the lamps.

Soon after this there is a sound of door-knocking, knuckles, wooden hammers, a little electric bell somewhere; a yawning and muttering and coughing and rustling. At 11:30 something like a jungle war drum starts up. That is the Greeks. Then a great irregular banging together of planks. That is the Armenians. Then two muted thurifers appear and proceed by opposite routes round the whole building, censing every altar with a chinking of brass and clouds of aromatic smoke. Then here and there raw little electric bulbs flash on.

The monks and friars assemble in their choirs and just before midnight the night Offices start, the severe monotone of the Latins contrasting with the exuberant gaiety of the Armenians, who are out of sight, but whose music sounds like a distant village festival of folk dancing and peasant ballads.

The Latin Office is the most brief. The friars file out into their tunnels. The Greeks and Armenians sing on. And then something new, unexpected and quite delicious, stirs the drowsy senses: the sweet, unmistakable smell of new-baked bread. It is the Easterns cooking the hosts for their Masses.

Mass is said daily in the tomb by the three chief rites. On some days the Copts celebrate at an altar built against the outer wall. On Sunday morning the Syrians, too, have their service. And daily on the roof, in the sad little African hovels to which they were driven by the rich Armenians, the Monophysite Abyssians perform their own ancient liturgy.

The Greek Mass is the first, followed by the Armenian. There is room only for priest and server in

the inner chamber of the Sepulcher. Two or three more may kneel in the outer chamber. The remainder of the choir stand outside. While the Armenian Mass is going on the Catholics may be heard not far off intoning another Office.

By 3:30 the edicule is clear of the Armenians, and the Franciscan sacristan busies himself with a portable altar and the Mass furniture of the West. At four o'clock the door is opened. A servant of the Judeh family brings the key, which for convenience he now hangs in the Greek convent on the north of the courtyard, and hands it to the representative of the Musedi family.

A monk opens the trap door and pushes out the ladder. With a squeak and a clang the locks are turned, and the door swings open.

At 4:30 the Catholic Mass is said in the Sepulcher, followed by others through all the early hours of the morning on Calvary, in the chapel of the Franks, and in the Latin chapel. And at dawn as one steps out into the courtyard after one's vigil one is met by the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of Omar's prayer, proclaiming that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.

One has been in the core of one's religion. It is all there, with all its human faults and its superhuman triumphs, and one fully realizes, perhaps for the first time, that Christianity did not strike its first root at Rome or Canterbury or Geneva or Maynooth, but here in the Levant where everything is inextricably mixed and nothing is assimilated.

In the Levant there works an alchemy the very reverse of the American melting pot. Different races and creeds jostle one another for centuries and their diversity becomes only the more accentuated. Our Lord was born into a fiercely divided civilization and so it has remained. But our hope must always be for unity, and as long as the Church of the Sepulcher remains a single building, however subdivided, it forms a memorial to that essential hope.

Bus Ride: Retroactive

WHAT with the schools being closed, the people of Salix, Iowa, have to be pretty sharp to tell which kids are on vacation from the parochial school and which ones are on vacation from the public school.

In near-by Sioux City, the Red Cross and the park department are giving free swimming lessons. Even though swimming lessons aren't exactly a school subject, and even though the Salix schools are closed for summer vacation, public-school buses are making weekly trips to Sioux City. But they won't take any Salix kid who is on vacation from the parochial school.

Universe Bulletin (18 July '52).

Bring Out the Genius in Your Child



The least you can do for him is not block his learning

By HOWARD VAN SMITH
Condensed from *This Week**

BILLY SIDIS went through all eight grades of the Boston elementary school system in five months, when he was seven. At eight, he required only six weeks for the entire high-school curriculum. At 11, by special invitation, he lectured to the Harvard faculty on the fourth dimension. At 15 he taught at Rice institute in Houston, Texas.

And that's not all. At three Billy used a typewriter. At four he read and understood textbooks. At 11 he called Einstein's attention to a "flaw" in the theory of relativity. At an age when most children are learning to spell *cat* he invented a perpetual calendar which was patented and is still in use.

There wasn't any doubt that William James Sidis, who died in 1944, was a genius. Nor does there seem to be any doubt that a method was used to make him one.

The same method was applied to his sister, Helene. She attended neither grammar school nor high school. At 15 she easily passed the college-entrance exams at Smith. Psychological tests were cited to prove that both these children were only "average." But educators refused to budge from their opinion that the Sidis children were hereditary geniuses. Today a large university is conducting a thorough investigation of this genius-creating program.

This amazing system of education is called the Sidis method, after Dr. Sarah Sidis and Dr. Boris Sidis, Billy's parents. The late Dr. Boris Sidis was a Harvard professor, a doctor of both psychology and psychiatry, and author of too many books on the mind for any short listing.

There were many others besides Billy on whom the Sidis method was used in varying degrees. Harvard students with failing grades came to Dr. Sidis and became honor students.

There was a Boston tailor who had one great ambition: to read

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. March 2, 1952. Copyright, 1952, United Newspapers Magazine Corp.

Spinoza. But he was illiterate. One day in his shop, Dr. Sidis admired a coat. The tailor made the psychologist this proposition: "You teach me to read and write and I will give you the coat." In three months he was writing and reading, and quoting Spinoza.

Dr. Sidis, who turned education into child's play, died in 1923, but he left his wife, Dr. Sarah Sidis, to continue his method. Dr. Sarah, now a little old lady of 77, is also a psychiatrist. She "retired" to Miami Beach, Fla., several years ago. Her retirement means she is writing two books (a history of the Sidis family and a text for the method); lecturing at the University of Miami; and running a property-rental business.

She has added her share to the development of the method, too. Her touch has humanized it, taken it out of the specific "case history" terms of science.

The Sidis method stresses starting young. But suppose your children are already partly grown. Or suppose you don't have the time or patience to put the system to work *in toto*. You can still use the Sidis principles with good effect.

1. Avoid punishment in all ways possible; it is the first cause of fear.

2. Try not to say "don't." Instead, explain why what you say is so.

3. Awaken curiosity; it is the key to learning.

4. Never fail to answer and never put off your child's questions.

5. Never force your child to learn nor judge his ability to learn by adult standards.

6. Implant ideas at bedtime, just before sleep. Suggestions made then will make a solid impression.

7. Never lie to your child or use evasions.

8. Refrain from showing him off.

Now let's take a hypothetical Johnny and apply the Sidis method to him. You, the parents, are "average" and so is your son Johnny.

Your basic tools are 1. love, 2. an understanding of him that will help him avoid fear, and 3. willingness to help him develop his reason.

In the first year, when Johnny's still gurgling and cooing, your love is the most natural thing in the world. Give him all you can. As for fear, guard him against the two basic ones, of falling and not being fed. And of course, no punishment. That means not using a cross voice or imparting just a little slap. The subconscious "trap" never forgets even if immediate memory does.

In Johnny's second year, it is time to expand your conception of love a bit. The word for it now is affinity, and this means not only kindness, patience, and understanding but also your complete intellectual response to him whenever his eagerness seeks your attention.

Here's how you put that idea to work. If Johnny is playing in his play pen or on the floor, get down with him as often as you can. John-

ny is old enough by this time to do a few things that may annoy you. But to your utmost, refrain from saying "Don't." *Don't* means the same thing as "Don't think; I'll do the thinking for you."

Johnny now needs a few toys. Dr. Sidis advises brightly colored blocks with pictures of animals and other objects on them and the corresponding words written out. Johnny isn't going to read or spell now. But later he will begin to say words like *dog*. If he has in his mind the dog on the block and the word written out, it's going to help. It's that subconscious "trap" in action again. Dr. Sidis also recommends a jigsaw puzzle that isn't hard to find. This is a map of the U.S., each piece a state in color. As for other toys, give him the usual ones, especially balls and athletic games.

At this point Johnny is trying to talk. Don't speed things up by force. Repetition is the dull, long way. And, equally important, make it plain that everything that is Johnny's is specially Johnny's. His toys aren't allowed to get mixed in with adult equipment, or his sister's or brother's.

Johnny becomes two. The words he says are more distinct. He may even start reading this year.

At this time it's a good idea to be careful of Johnny's eyes. Some children who begin reading early develop eye trouble. If he does read so early, consult an eye specialist.

During the 1st World War, Billy Sidis became a conscientious objector. While doing research work, he was offered a position which would have put to use his inventive genius. When he found out that the device that he was working on would be used in warfare, he quit. At the age of 46, he died of pneumonia.

Also make sure that he gets plenty of exercise and play. That's very important. What you want is a healthy genius, not a neurotic intellectual.

At three, Johnny pops questions at you about flowers, about stars, about everything. There are plenty of books to help you with the answers. Perhaps the ones you will use are meant for children twice his age, but that's all right.

Dr. Sidis advises trying to keep his education within the framework of general education. Knowledge of his body serves well and easily as an introduction to natural functions. Also, in this way, health habits can be explained instead of enforced.

"Surprises, games, and activities are the keynotes," Dr. Sidis explains. "His world is full of enthusiasm. Take every opportunity that presents itself to inform him. If he pulls the garbage over on himself, point out that he has gotten dirty. He will be interested. Explain what he is dirty with and the

need to be cleaned. This way even provides a chance to explain what his skin is, which is an introduction to the whole body, the process of life, and everything else."

At school age, the course ahead is broad and variable. You can, however, if you wish, do what Dr. Sidis did with Billy. Instead of fairy stories at this time she read mythology to him. This led to stars, which have the same names as the mythological deities, so astronomy followed. Of all the array of nature, the stars and planets have a special fascination for children—and a grasp of astronomy later leads to mathematics.

The main point in all this is that Johnny is encouraged to think for himself. He will be able to understand for himself.

There now enters into this a process called "glamorization." Billy Sidis was a perfect example of this. When he entered a Boston elementary school, and by noon was promoted to the 3rd grade, he had a command of the physical sciences, history, and literature. But he couldn't add a simple column of figures. Arithmetic just didn't interest him, yet.

At this time a young mathematics professor began visiting the Sidis home. Billy met him, and the friendly young professor made such a hit that Billy overnight adopted mathematics as his chief interest. His progress was so rapid that it wasn't long before the professor, who was writing a book on the subject, began handing each new portion of the script to Billy for his opinion.

Of course, you must give your child equipment: encyclopaedia, typewriter, dictionary, reference books. He's far more advanced in many subjects than you are. Yet what he will become, depends largely on what subject you glamorize.

You must be cautious about this "glamorization." Try to keep his interests general, and let specialization come at a later age.

Modern education, in contrast to the Sidis method, advocates "in-grade" development. The "skipping" of years ago, in which some children were able to outrun others, has disappeared, in order to stress social adjustment.

However, the two systems can dovetail. Modern teachers are themselves taught to let a child progress as fast as he can and never to retard an aptitude. If your Betty or Johnny is able to read Euclid in the 1st grade, the teacher is there to encourage him, providing he can also count to ten, 20, or 100 or whatever is required.

THERE is no danger of eyestrain from looking at the bright side of things.

Sunshine (July '52).



When the day's play ends, Charles Nixon rings the bell, and the children clean up the grounds.

Nixon's Playground Teaches Tolerance

"People don't like each other because they don't understand each other"

CHARLES A. NIXON of Bridgeport, Conn., has built a fine playground from scrap material carried from a local foundry where he is employed as a water tender.

Behind this simple statement lies the story of one man's determined effort to foster understanding among his racially prejudiced neighbors. Charlie, his wife, Catherine, and their two small children live in Huntington Homes, a fed-

Photos by Martin J. Langan

eral housing project designed primarily for the workers who converged on Bridgeport to speed the rearmament program just before our entry into the 2nd World War.

As water tender at the Bridgeport Brass Co. plant, he is in charge of a $1.5 million powerhouse from 2 to 10 P.M. daily. He checks hourly the pressure of 20 water meters, controls the pressure of water used to generate steam. If any of the automatic devices fail, he takes over with hand-operated controls.

Living was pleasant for the Nixons and the 200-odd families who found the country atmosphere of Bridgeport's North End ideal. But the relationship of the 18 Negro families with their many white neighbors was, at best, coldly cordial. One day in 1942 white children threw stones at their Negro playmates.

When someone suggested that the incident be reported to the police, Charlie Nixon chose a more direct way. "This," he said, "is something we have to work out ourselves." The Nixons made the first neighborly gesture by declaring their own back yard "open house." Smaller children were entertained by his wife's story reading, while Charlie began constructing movable rides from scrap.

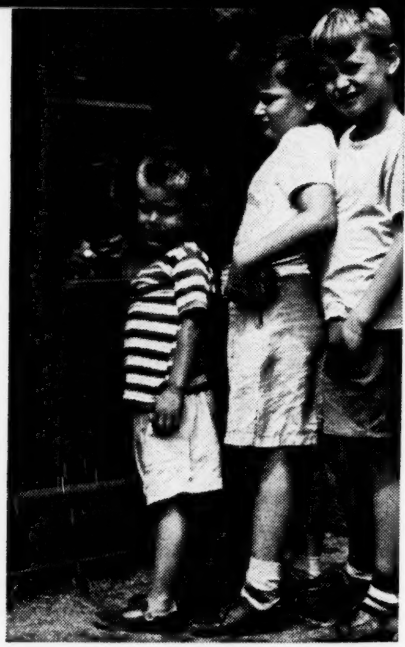
The response was immediate and effective. Working mothers left their small children with the Nix-



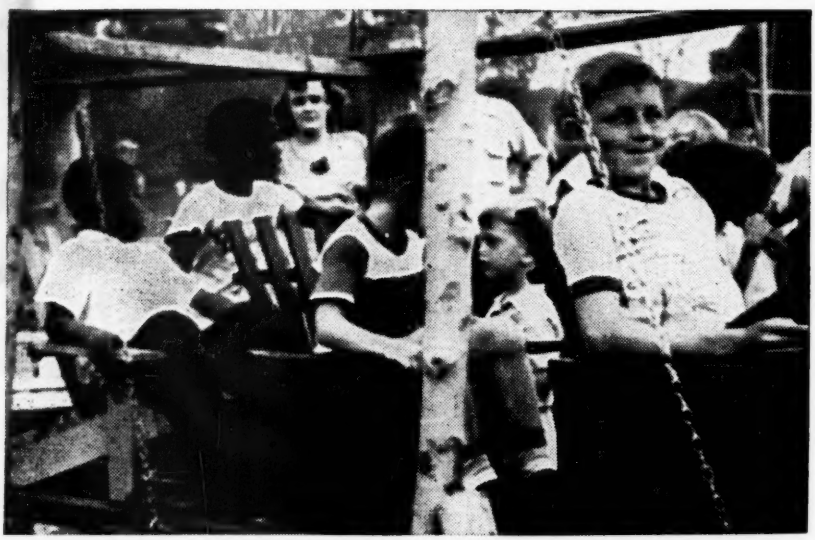
There are no incidents as Negro and white children take their turns using the equipment.



A few children are separated briefly from their playmates for violating playground rules.



Tickets are issued to each child so that he will get a fair share of the playground rides.



The Swing-a-way is the most popular ride in Paradise Playground. Nixon built the chairs especially for this ride. Six youngsters get a ride at one time. Adults supply the power.



Charlene and Fay Nixon gather flowers regularly for the family altar. Mrs. Rene Sawyer, playground supervisor during the summer of 1951, gave them the statue of Martin de Porres.



The Nixons live in this duplex on DuPont Place, Bridgeport. Nixon frequently uses the truck to collect wastepaper and scrap. The proceeds are used to improve the playground equipment.

ons. The older ones watched the evolution of the first ride, a carousel. The variety of rides increased as more scrap lumber accumulated.

Popeye the Sailor, Mickey Mouse, and Donald Duck swings appeared, and Silver, the Jumping Horse, took his place in the paddock. Springs from an old baby buggy gave the old rocking horse a new lease on life.

The play area has recently been relocated a mile from Nixon's home on 40 acres of state-owned land in the near-by town of Trumbull, where the pictures were taken. The Trumbull Coach lines reduced its fare to 5 cents for children from Bridgeport.

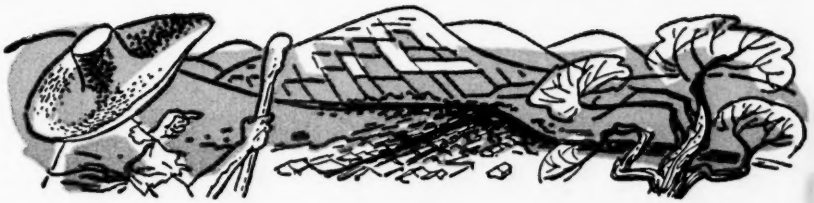
The playground rides still are dependent for their animation on gravity and the force of Nixon's two strong arms.

On opening day at Trumbull, town notables delivered enthusiastic speeches about the success of Paradise Playground.

But it was left for Charles A. Nixon to hit the oratorical nail on the head. "People don't like each other," he observed, "because they don't understand each other."



After working on playground equipment during the morning, Nixon goes home for lunch. Then he works at the foundry. With him at the table are (clockwise) Fay, Mrs. Nixon, and Charlene.



One Little Man in China

The tragedy of a nation can be shown in Jong Yo-sen's life

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

Condensed from *"Seven Leagues to Paradise"**

CHUNGLI is an adobe town at a graceful bend in the Big Clean river, in North China. There I met Father Payette, a Belgian Catholic missionary and Superior of the local mission. I explained that I had traveled around the world; now I wished to talk to some average Chinese peasants. I would like to hear how life treated them through two communist and two Nationalist occupations.

Father Payette took me to a cave in the brown-yellow mountainside. It had a sun-baked brick entrance, designed like the front of a house. It was the home of Jong Yo-sen.

Looking back from the cave to the village, we had a good aerial view of the main street—a narrow alley between mud walls. Beyond the street stood the roofless Catholic seminary. Along the flat stretch of the river bed I saw chocolate-brown squares of tilled land. All over the landscape and commanding the valley were dangerous looking mud pillboxes.

Jong was clean-cut and self possessed, though just as dirty as everybody else in the town. He wore a quilted pajama-like jacket, blue pants, and soft slippers. These were his only clothes. He was polite and of deliberate manner. Although a convert to Catholicism, he spoke no English, and knew little of the world beyond Kalgan and Peiping, the nearest cities. He had a wife and seven children, and he tilled two acres with hand tools.

The front of Jong's house had two ramshackle windows with real glass. This made it better than many houses near by, which had nothing but paper or cardboard in

*Copyright 1951 by Richard Tregaskis and by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York City 22. 268 pp. $3.75.

the windows. Inside, Jong's hut was an earth-floored dining-living-sleeping room. Dirty quilts were piled in one corner. I was at first struck with the large size of the room. Then I realized that the whole family of nine slept there. Two stoves at either end of the *kong* (front part of the room) supplied plenty of heat. I was told that the caves were warm in winter, cool in summer.

Wen, Jong's wife, lay ill at one end of the *kong*. She was wrapped in dirty quilts and had a cloth around her head. Beside her lay a raw-faced, crying baby, only a few days old. It was a girl, not yet named.

A small, wiry man with a tiny mustache and bright black eyes wandered in and out of Jong's cave. He had several children himself. He was Lin, Jong's closest friend, and he lived in the other cave of Jong's two-cave house. Jong owned the whole place, and Lin lived rent-free. A crucifix looked down from the far side of the cave. Lin, too, was a Catholic. Both went to Mass every morning. These were desperate times, and they sought the special help they knew they could get there.

The priests of the Belgian Scheut Mission society provided Jong and his friends with almost everything they needed to keep going. 1. Land, for a rent of 20% to 30% of the crops. 2. Protection from the bandits which were thick in this area. 3. Schools, to teach them and their children how to read and write at least a few of the 10,000 characters in the clumsy Chinese alphabet.

In his youth, Jong raised oats on Church land and soon saved enough to buy some land of his own. In 1911, when the Chinese emperor was deposed, he was able to get 50 acres more. The family began to prosper, despite heavy taxes. Jong was 17 when he married Wen. It was a love match, since they were both Catholics. Otherwise their parents would have made the choice. The young people lived with Jong's parents. All the family lived simply and saved money. When drought hit Chungli in 1927-28 and the family crops were ruined, their savings tided them over.

Rumors floated up those days of a big fight between generals in the South. The men in the tobacco shop talked of a new man, Chiang Kai-shek, who had taken over the government and who was trying to wipe out a group called communists. But all this was happening in Shanghai, and had little effect on Chungli.

Big trouble started when Japan sent troops into near-by Manchuria. They put a puppet emperor on the throne and changed the name to Manchukuo. But Jong's family still was prosperous enough to buy firecrackers for the Chinese New Year and to keep the big feasts. Noodles, soup, fried pork, and chicken were

always plentiful. The Japanese came to Chungli in 1937 and won a quick victory. Only a few were killed or wounded in that one-day fight. Jong didn't fight. He was not in the army, and his family responsibilities were growing fast. Besides his son, Jong Jun, there were now three girls.

At first only a company of infantry was in charge. Then came a civilian adviser. He treated the people badly and forced some of them to work on the roads. He made the Chinese sell all their crops to the Japanese at prices fixed by him. With the money, the people could buy back only what they needed immediately.

But the Chinese people are not too trusting, and Jong withheld some of his oats and buried them in the ground. The Japanese heard of this; Jong was jailed for ten days and given a lecture on cooperation with the new order. Fortunately, the first adviser was replaced after a year by a much milder man, and things were again prosperous, even under the Japanese.

Jong built a new house and even had enough money to take a vacation in Peiping. He made the trip alone, as many Chinese married men do. He stayed in a very cheap hotel, but he saw all the sights: the Temple of Heaven, the Summer Palace, the Old Palace.

In 1938 Jong's father fell ill of typhus, and died. His sister died in childbirth two years later, and that same year Jong himself came down with typhus. The priests took care of him, and he lived. But he began to smoke opium. I was told later by the priests that sickness is the most common reason among Chinese for starting the opium habit. Jong explained it by saying, "It made you feel good—better than ordinary time." Under the Japanese, opium was easily had. You

As It Is

THE IDEA that communist China will fall from within is the wildest of wishful thinking. The Chinese are a nation of groveling slaves who dare not question the will of the government in any matter. Scores of people commit suicide daily.

You cannot imagine anything so diabolically complete. They talk communism, study communistic books, and go to night school to listen to communistic propaganda, which now is "down with America and kill the American devils." Students study a brand new set of textbooks with accents on what Russia is doing for the world's poor.

It all seems like a horrible nightmare, but it is very real. If the Church cannot combat it, woe to the world.

John J. Tierney, M.M., expelled missioner, quoted in Our Sunday Visitor *(6 July '52).*

could get it anywhere, like oats or potatoes.

Jong now went steadily downhill until his fortunes reached rock bottom with the coming of the communists. Even his growing family was considered further ill luck. They were all girls except his first-born son; and Chinese need sons to help them with the farm work.

Chinese communist guerrilla bands began to harass Japanese communications and raid smaller villages. They grabbed the town of Dun Liao Di, where Jong had a small bit of land and a flock of sheep, four horses, and six oxen. The Reds took over his goods and distributed them to the townspeople. They said Jong was a big landowner, and that they were breaking up big "estates." He didn't dare go to the 50-acre family plot at Bao-Yuan; the roads were too dangerous. He stayed on his two acres at Chungli and smoked his opium and didn't care very much.

Then in August, 1945, the few remaining Japanese in Chungli left, and the communists came. They were on foot, dressed in rags and tatters, and had about 30 old rifles among the 100 of them. They called a meeting of townspeople for next day in the square. Everybody turned out for it. Three speakers said that the Reds had won the war against Japan. The land was the property of the people, not of landholding tyrants, they claimed.

Jong had lost most of his lands and livestock, and now he was going to lose everything. Though he felt he needed opium, he was broke. Wen begged him to give up the habit. Father Go spoke often to him about it. One day he went home and smashed his pipe, and resolved never to smoke again. He suffered agonies, but he persevered.

The commies kept his mind occupied. Three times a week he heard the gong calling a mass meeting in the square. Plans for raising the wages of workers were discussed loud and long. It was decided farm workers should have a raise immediately and retroactively. It was all to be paid on the spot, with accumulated interest.

The Reds ordered physical work for Jong. He carried Japanese military supplies stored at Kalgan to Red headquarters in Chungli. Jong had not been a good churchgoer since he had slipped into the opium habit. But he was shocked to hear the Reds announce that the Church would have to make "restitution" to the people who had worked for it and been "exploited." The communists claimed the Church owed its workers "back pay" of 2,200,000 Chinese dollars, about $4,000 at the current exchange rate. The priests had no choice but to give in. They gathered all the cash in the church, its wheat, flour, six mules, four oxen, four carts, and all the equipment of their mill to satisfy the "debt."

The Reds also decided that Jong owed considerable money in back pay for work done, not only for him, but for his father in past years. He was no longer a "rich landowner"—they had taken all his property in Dun Liao Di—but they took his two little acres in Chungli and all the stock that went with them. Even this was not enough. An informer reported that Jong had buried 12 silver dollars behind his house. The Reds dug up the dollars and threw Jong in jail for 20 days. While he was in the rat-infested pen, General Marshall, our special envoy to China, was trying to make truce between the Reds and Chiang Kai-shek.

Jong worried that the Reds might take his only son, Jong Jun, for military service. So Jun, at 16, became a student in the Church school, to get a deferred status. Now Jong had to work much harder in the fields. He also joined a group of peasants who were petitioning the communists not to dismantle the church. The communists heeded the petition, but Jong and his friends were taken to the square and severely beaten with cudgels. Poor Jong couldn't move a muscle for days afterward.

The village secretly rejoiced in mid-October to hear that the communists were defeated by the Nationalists in a battle at Tsining. Shortly after, the Reds left Chungli in haste, and Nationalist troops took over. They formed a militia, and Jong soon found himself carrying a rifle and patrolling the mountains on the other side of Big Clean river. But by Nov. 25, the near-by little village of Pingtingpu was attacked by a large force of Reds and captured. The Catholic church there was ransacked and the two priests taken away as hostages.

By Dec. 16, the militia of Chungli spotted a force of several thousand communists coming toward the village along the Kalgan road. Shortly after, another huge force was seen moving in from the opposite direction. According to Jong, a few of the militia, including himself, fought bravely against the invaders.

The militia cavalry used their horses only to get quickly out of danger, but Jong and a small group headed directly for Kalgan. The rest fell back to the village and tried to establish a defensive position in the seminary. The Reds, angered at the Church and the militia, closed the building and threw small-arms fire at the second story. Most of the militia then surrendered, but ten stayed in the building. The Reds set it afire, cremating all ten.

Jong knew nothing of this at the time. Neither did he know what was happening to his family. Shortly afterwards, the refugees in Catholic headquarters in Kalgan heard that the Reds had burned the seminary and church at Chungli. They had killed several hun-

dred selected townspeople and captured the priests.

Next came the glad news that the invasion was only a raid; the Reds were withdrawing. But there was also the sad news that Jong Jun had been murdered by the Reds. Jong hoped it was only a rumor, but one look at Wen's face when he returned told him that it was true. Wen and his mother, their faces swollen with weeping, stood over the tall body of his only son, the head a bloodstained wreck. Two bullets had smashed the features and crushed the skull.

Jun had fled to the mountains, but a patrol caught him. At first he was asked only to lead them to Taiping Chan (Peace Village), seven miles from Chungli. He did this and was about to escape when a sharp-eyed Red recognized him. He was denounced as the son of one of the militia, a Catholic, and a capitalist reactionary. They had given him the usual quick communist hearing, put two bullets in his head, and left him on the road to Taiping Chan.

There were many burials in those days, and the priests were very busy. But kindly Father Chou climbed the snowy mountain above the river to administer the last rites to a parishioner who had once been well-to-do and was now poor, who had once been a sinner and a wavering Catholic, but who was now repentant and miserable.

With time, and Wen to comfort him, Jong began to recover from losing his first-born and only son. The struggle to survive kept him from brooding too much. There was the plowing to be done, with his hand plow. There was the planting, rolling, watering, and harvest. There was plenty of worrying over taxes.

Under the new regime, life was the same unending struggle against poverty and taxes that it had been before. But at least he was free (for a time) from the dread that a communist might come knocking at his door with some impossible accusation. But the communist shadow was lengthening again over Chungli when I left. The town fell to the Reds inside of two months.

The Nationalist dollar was plunging in value, a sure local sign that the government was weakening. A $10,000 Chinese bill was worth less than a dime. It was clear that the communists would soon be in control of all China.

In a place like Chungli, I wondered, what would be the greatest life's ambition of a man like Jong? I asked him if he would want to have another son. He said Yes, but without great enthusiasm. So I asked him directly what he wanted most in this life. He answered, "More clothing and more food." Then he added, "and have peacetime and be happy." This, of course, was an impossibly big order in Red China.

Fluorine and Your Teeth



Tests prove that fluorine-treated water reduces decay by as much as two-thirds

By J. C. FURNAS

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**

You can reduce your child's chances of tooth decay by two-thirds. Take this on the word of the U. S. Public Health service and the American Dental association, and on the experience of 121 communities in 43 states and the District of Columbia. What we are talking about is saving children's teeth by fluoridation of your community's water supply. You can spark such a project yourself or get your parent-teacher association or a civic group to start it.

Fluorine is a cousin of the iodine that disinfects cuts. "Fluoridation" means adding enough fluorine compound to drinking water to give children optimum protection against tooth decay.

Some 10 million Americans are living in communities which have already added fluorine to their water systems. Indianapolis and Louisville are the largest cities to install it. But it is planned or under consideration in New York City, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C. The movement has been strongest in the Middle West, weakest in New England.

The right amount of fluorine is about one part in a million parts of water. In such dilution you can't taste or smell it. Its only discernible effect is on the enamel of developing teeth, which it somehow makes unusually resistant to decay.

Dentists are not clear on how it works. Maybe the growing enamel, taking up fluorine through the blood stream, comes out just plain harder, hence more resistant. (It also produces prettier, pearly teeth.) Maybe fluorine discourages mouth bacteria involved in decay. But the exact reason isn't important. Medicine has long dealt with measures that work and can be used long before being fully understood.

Fluorine does not cut decay out of the picture. The child in a properly fluoridated community must still learn proper tooth care. But children who get water with enough fluorine from birth through their early teens suffer about two-

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. May, 1952. *Copyright, 1952, by The Parents' Institute, Inc.*

thirds less decay than they otherwise would. The older the child when he encounters water containing fluorine, the less benefit he gets. But whatever the degree of benefit, it seems to be permanent.

In some fortunate communities the water naturally contains the right amount of fluorine. In those where it does not, addition of fluorine has to be handled carefully. Although the usual formula for effective treatment is one part fluorine to one million parts of water, it is not true that five parts of fluorine per million would be five times as good. Fluorine content above two parts per million is likely to produce spots on teeth.

In Oak Park and Evanston, Ill., there was widespread tooth decay but no mottling; water there has practically no fluorine in it. In Green Bay, Wis., some teeth were slightly mottled but had little decay; water was over two parts per million. In Maywood and Aurora, Ill., there was little decay and no mottling; the water has a little over one part per million. In other words, from nature itself, science learned the safe proportion of fluorine in water for healthy teeth.

Experiments conducted in Newburgh, N.Y., and Grand Rapids, Mich., have, after seven years, revealed that fluorine added to water offers exactly the same wonderful cavity-saving effect found in natural fluorine-water areas. So if you want to start the ball rolling for fluorine in your community, first find out how much your water supply contains naturally.

Though most American towns lack the magic one part per million, a test can be a pleasant surprise. Denver, Colo., for instance, has the right amount to begin with. Iowa and Ohio have shown enough fluorine present in the water of one out of every five or six communities. Sometimes nature is overgenerous, as in Britton, S. Dak. There the authorities are trying to cut down the excess fluorine, because it has eight parts per million and causes mottling.

Usually, however, you'll find

If Your Water Has No Fluorine

YOUR dentist or a dental hygienist can give your child "topical fluorine applications." This is how. 1. The dentist cleans and dries the child's teeth. 2. Sodium fluoride is applied, and left on four minutes. Some of the fluorine in the chemical, it seems, unites from outside with the enamel, producing a strengthening effect. 3. A four-treatment series is repeated every three years or so, ideally at the ages of three, seven, ten, and 13. That catches the successive crops of baby and permanent teeth as they emerge from the gums. The treatment is tedious but painless.

practically no fluorine in your water supply. This means you'll have to push for adding it. Cost per resident per year runs somewhere between 5c and 14c. It will depend on the local water-works setup and whether sodium fluoride or the cheaper but less readily soluble compound, sodium silicofluoride, is used.

Today Wisconsin leads all other states in its fluoridation program. In addition to larger population centers, many a Wisconsin village of 500 to 1,000 people has fluoridation. Those places use simple, state-approved equipment that includes a 30-gallon sauerkraut crock in which to mix the fluorine solution.

Research indicates that the right amount of fluorine may vary somewhat to match local climate. In warmer, drier places people usually drink more water in a year. Thus, Charlotte, N. C., cuts down its fluorine during hot months. Dr. A. P. Black of the University of Florida is inclined to recommend only .7 part per million for really hot, dry localities. The other way round, of course, it may eventually prove that as high as 1.5 parts per million will be suggested for colder areas. Most Wisconsin towns add 1.3 parts per million.

In any case, the idea is readily tailored to all climates and all sizes of communities. The one essential requisite is a central water supply.

Why hasn't every eligible community got fluoridation? Well-intended caution is the answer. Sometimes it is exaggerated by wrongheadedness.

Some Californians have violently opposed fluoridation. Two Wisconsin towns, under heavy propaganda from a few highly energetic residents, have recently abandoned it. "Stop poisoning our water!" was the gist of newspaper advertising that highlighted their campaign of opposition.

It was not a sound point. True, fluorine is a poison. So is the "natural" trace of iodine in drinking water or diet that keeps you from developing goiter. So is the "artificial" chlorine in your water supply that protects you against typhoid fever. So is the salt on your breakfast egg, if you get too much.

As a matter of fact, except for the mottling hazard, proportions of fluorine far heavier than one per million are apparently safe. To make sure, Wisconsin once studied causes of mortality in Green Bay, which naturally has 2.3 parts per million, and in Sheboygan, which has practically none. The comparison left no grounds for believing that Green Bay folks die any sooner or from different causes or are more or less healthy than Sheboyganites.

Almost everywhere it has been the local dental society that has taken the original lead in advocating fluoridation. All you have to do is help muster public opinion behind your dentists.

The Incredible Baron von Steuben

He bluffed his way to a high place in the Continental army and the hearts of Americans

By CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW

Condensed from the Milwaukee *Journal**



THE MOST brilliant liars' club in American history consisted of only five men and told only one tall tale. But that tale brought to our shores a man who has been called the second most important general of the Revolutionary war.

Its members were Ben Franklin and Silas Deane, American commissioners at Paris in 1777; the French war minister, St. Germain; and the playwright Beaumarchais, staunch friend of America and author of two rollicking comedies, *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. The fifth member of the club was an important general, Friedrich Wilhelm Ludolf Gerhard Augustin, Baron von Steuben, as he liked to call himself.

When Steuben landed at Portsmouth, N. H., 175 years ago, he brought letters from Franklin and Deane identifying him as a lieutenant general in the army of Frederick the Great. St. Germain and Beaumarchais chimed in by calling him the most able soldier in Europe.

And the good baron, not to be outdone in his own praise, spoke about spacious ancestral estates, intimating that he had left behind a large income when he came to help the patriot cause. His retinue bore out his claims. Three young French officers attended him and acted as interpreters, for he spoke no English. A German servant kept his wig powdered and his clothes fresh. A beautiful Italian greyhound trotted at his side.

He himself, bedecked in scarlet regimentals trimmed with blue and gold, wore a plate-size, jewel-studded star of the knightly Order of Baden on his breast, and looked every inch the man he was said to be.

Yet the facts behind the façade were more modest. The baron had been only a captain in Frederick the Great's army, and had been dismissed at the end of the Seven Years war, 15 years previously. Recently he had lost his job as cham-

*May 18, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the Journal Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

berlain at the bankrupt court of tiny Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and was now penniless. He had tried to get a commission in the British, French, Austrian, and Spanish armies before coming to America. He had no family estates.

The *von* in his name had been arbitrarily placed there by his grandfather on the strength of marriage to a nobleman's daughter. Steuben had actually been dubbed a knight. No one knows where he picked up the title of baron.

The members of this well-intentioned Ananias club were aware of the true status of their hero. But they also knew that no foreigner with a rating less than general would have the shadow of a chance of getting anywhere in the American army at this time. Patriot officers had become very suspicious of these roving soldiers of fortune who palmed themselves off on the Congress, got high commissions, and often lost battles.

Franklin and his French friends were equally sure that the plight of Washington's decimated forces at Valley Forge was partly due to lack of training and discipline. If the patriot cause was to triumph, if France was to humiliate her old rival, someone would have to make a real army out of raw recruits who enlisted for short periods and then went home, taking their muskets with them.

Baron von Steuben seemed to be that man. He had grown up in Frederick's army, his father having been a Prussian lieutenant. And Frederick's name was magic among soldiers the world over. General or no general, he was an expert drillmaster. He was also a versatile actor. This trait probably appealed to Beaumarchais, who had created the equally versatile character of Figaro in his plays.

Steuben could play the gentleman, but he also had the common touch and a sense of humor. His only real fault was improvidence. He gave liberally, spent lavishly, and left a trail of debts wherever he went. Eventually he cost his adoptive country the price of a regiment, but he was worth every penny of it.

Franklin proved himself a shrewd judge of men and situations when he winked at the truth and blew up the baron's reputation to get him in the American army. The curious thing is that the tall tale was believed not only by contemporaries but historians.

It remained for a modern scholarly biography based on research in the Prussian archives and written by a retired general, John McAuley Palmer, to expose Steuben as one of the world's most "magnificent and lovable imposters." But it was also Palmer who ranked him second in importance only to George Washington.

The baron's trip from Portsmouth to Valley Forge was like a triumphal tour. Everyone was over-

awed by his knightly star and his military reputation. Gov. John Hancock of Boston advanced him enough money to meet his traveling expenses and to buy a horse.

The Congress, then sitting at York, Pa., accepted his offer to serve without rank until he had proved his worth and without pay until the American side was victorious. Washington welcomed him somewhat cautiously. The impression of the soldiers may be gauged from this description written much later by one of them.

"Never before or since have I had such an impression of the ancient fabled god of war as when I looked on the baron. He seemed to me a perfect personification of Mars. The trappings of his horse, the enormous holsters of his pistols, his large size, his strikingly martial aspect, all seemed to favor the idea."

Conditions were so bad at Valley Forge that, according to one story, soldiers did not even know the right foot from the left. Since most of them were farmers, Steuben is said to have hit on the idea of calling one foot hayfoot and the other strawfoot. Though supposedly a lieutenant general, he acted as a drill sergeant.

He had to talk through interpreters. When the recruits occasionally misunderstood his commands and marched off in opposite directions, Steuben would put on a good show by shouting abuse in three languages. Such outbursts endeared him to the men. And, for all his brusqueness, Steuben respected them. To a colleague in Europe he wrote as follows.

"The genius of this nation is not to be compared with the Prussians, Austrians or French. You say to your soldier, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. But I am obliged to say, 'This is the reason why you ought to do that,' and then he does it."

In Europe two or three years were considered essential for producing soldiers. Steuben, by modifying the rigid Prussian rules to fit American conditions, had his men ready for a grand maneuver in six weeks. Washington, now completely won over, gave him the title of inspector general. Congress added the rank and pay of major general.

The trial by fire for the newly drilled soldiers came at the battle of Monmouth in June, 1778, less than four months after Steuben had taken over. That battle might have been a rout because of the treachery of Charles Lee. As it was, the American citizen army proved itself superior, battalion for battalion, to the British redcoats under Clinton.

Steuben was busy to the end of the war drilling men, serving on Washington's staff, composing his *Blue Book*, which remained the army manual for a century.

As the continental dollar declined in value his financial affairs turned from bad to worse. At last he had to sell even his horse. His letters to

Congress became more frequent and fervid. To emphasize his claims, he wrote a short autobiography in which he made ample use of what Mark Twain called embroidery.

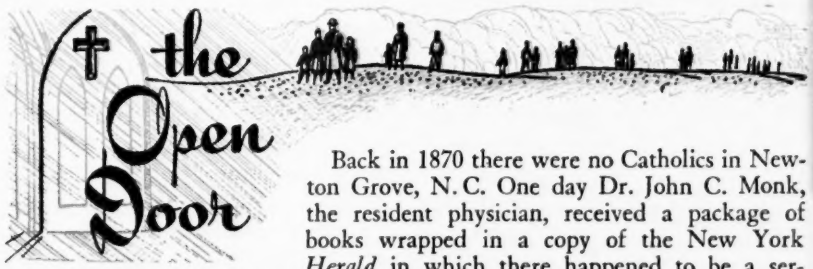
The Congress granted him extra rations and more depreciated dollars. After the war there were promises and a beautiful gold-hilted sword. Several states voted him large grants of land in the wilderness. The new Congress under Washington finally awarded him an annual pension of $2,500 in 1790.

For a while he lived in a virtual palace in New York City. He dickered with the Spanish minister about founding a colony west of the Mississippi. He mixed in politics on the side of Hamilton. Finally he settled down to become squire of a 16,000-acre estate.

But his manor house was barely completed when death struck in 1794. At his own request he was buried in the forest "wrapped in his military cloak, without a stone to tell where (his body) lies." He had never married but acted almost as father to a number of officers, one of whom took his name and another inherited his estate.

Today there is a marker near his tomb in a New York state park dedicated to his memory. The inscription declares that his services were "indispensable to the achievement of American independence." Monuments to Steuben stand in Washington and many other cities.

The newly revealed facts about Steuben do not diminish his services to America, but they show him as one of the most remarkable characters in all military history.



Back in 1870 there were no Catholics in Newton Grove, N. C. One day Dr. John C. Monk, the resident physician, received a package of books wrapped in a copy of the New York *Herald* in which there happened to be a sermon on *The Unity of the True Faith*. Dr. Monk read, became interested, then addressed a letter to "Any Catholic priest or bishop in Wilmington, N. C." Results came by way of a letter from Bishop Gibbons, later Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. After that things began to happen. Not only did Dr. Monk and his entire family become Catholics, but by 1897 there were 300 Catholics at Newton Grove, which had not a single Catholic 27 years before.

Father Lahey in the *Ave Maria* (14 June '52).

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church $25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Free Gadgets for Russians



Tooth paste and perfume can do a job that talk can never do

By NICHOLAS NYARADI

Condensed from
*"My Ringside Seat in Moscow"**

WESTERN radio broadcasts beam to Russia and its satellites lavish descriptions of life in America. But the angle is wrong. When some anonymous Hungarian actress becomes lyrical about the Fifth Avenue Easter Parade, Hungarians behind the Iron Curtain are made sick with frustration. It is exactly like describing a state banquet to a starving man. Americans are too comfortable to understand the misery in which the satellite citizens live.

If the only object was to show the Russians the comforts of the West we could drop catalogues of such firms as Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. But that project would fail to make them pro-American. The Russians would read the catalogues avidly, but they would be impressed only by the quality of the paper. Whatever is printed or spoken is wasted on the Russians. "Paper is patient" they say, and that means any lie can be printed on a piece of paper.

A better way to make an impression on the average Soviet citizen would be by tangible evidence of our way of life. Just as wild savages are more attracted by bright beads than by Bibles, so the Russians are by foreign knickknacks. If we dropped matches, razor blades or any of the thousands of small inexpensive things we take for granted, all Russia would go mad. These are things which Russians can believe, tangibles which they can use and compare.

This project would defy no international airways laws. Small meteorological balloons could be launched from neighboring countries or from the sea. Each balloon would be equipped with a timing device to release its cargo of knickknacks and a printed propaganda message.

The messages would also follow a new approach. Rather than damning Stalin, the messages would be human, personal letters.

A French farmer might write to a Russian farmer. He would en-

From My Ringside Seat in Moscow, *by Nicholas Nyaradi. Copyright 1952. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, publishers. Reprinted by permission.*

close pictures of himself, his family and his farm. In his note he might say, "Why can't we be friends? Why can't we visit each other's country? Since we are not allowed to meet one another, I send you this small gift from my own country."

Let a Russian housewife pick up a spool of the cheapest French thread and see how much finer and stronger it is than Russian thread. Her conversion has already begun. Let a loyal Soviet coal miner wash with a bar of American soap and see how clean he is for the first time in years. How his attitude about America will change!

For less money than the West spends on unheard words, we could bombard Russia with our superior goods. Of course, the police would be out on confiscation tours almost immediately, but not before the Russian people had marveled at the amazing gifts. The dissatisfaction with things Russian would have begun and it would grow.

Mouths bright with lipstick would talk about the wonders of American tooth paste, English soup, French perfume. Cossacks, redolent of shaving lotion, would mutter about the day when all the strangely named products of the slaves of capitalism fell from the skies.

Although Western words are greeted with an immense amount of skepticism, the Russians do have a great curiosity about us. The American embassy in Moscow mimeographs a few thousand short news bulletins in Russian every day. The bulletins are supposed to be ignored by the Russians, but my aides have found them, weeks later, so thoroughly dog-eared that it was obvious that hundreds of Russians had read each copy. This alone proves an interest in the West, although the words from the embassy are perhaps not believed.

Tangible propaganda. This is the cheapest and shortest way to Russian hearts and minds. This is what will penetrate, because it will strike the Russian soil. This is what will defy indoctrination, because, by seeing such wonderful gadgets, the Russians will begin to question all that they have been told about the West. This will require no imagination because it is propaganda which they can own. This, I believe, is the only way to capture Russian thought.

Another Invention

DURING a United Nations discussion of freedom of information, U. S. delegate Walter Kotschnig quoted an example of "truth" as it appeared in the Soviet press. The item: "The native Negro language has been eliminated from all Negro schools in the U. S." *Jet* (10 July '52).

For the Workers of France

Priests are donning the garb and doing the labor of the common people to bring them Christ's message

Condensed from *Realities**

It is Sunday morning, the local market day in the Place Saint Marc in the old Norman town of Rouen. A tide of humanity of all ages and colors (for this poor section of the town is thickly populated by Negroes and North Africans) ebbs and flows around countless little stands.

Suddenly, three trailers appear. Their fresh green paint stands in sharp contrast to the black-and-gray background. They become a center of attraction for curious passers-by. The door of one of the trailers opens. It reveals a priest, in worn cassock; he has a frank expression on his face. He announces that the trailer is open to everyone. The local youngsters follow him and enter a tiny chapel. All admire it, but many understand little, for it is the first time that they have seen an altar.



Some 120 miles to the north, on a dock in Boulogne, 22 men leave a trawler after two weeks of fishing in the fjords of Norway. The 22 look identical in their sou'westers, but, when they talk to one of their crew, they call him Father, although in the same familiar tone they use with everyone else.

Back to the South again, and a stop for a glass of white wine at a little cafe in the industrial suburbs of Paris. The door opens and a workman appears, wearing the rough blue clothes of a French factory hand and carrying a bag on his shoulder. He shakes hands at all the tables. The owner of the cafe, looking up from his bar, asks him, "How did things go today down at the mission, Father?"

But, despite the trailers, the sailor's sou'wester, and the workman's blue shirt, we have been watching authentic priests in action. Their way of life and their activities, no matter how strange they may appear, have the hearty

*195 Sloane St., London, S. W. 1, England, and 55 W. 42nd St., Room 1026, New York City.

May, 1952. Copyright, 1952.

approval of high Church authorities in France. For these men are not only priests but missionaries.

The movement received its starting impulse in 1944 when a French priest, Father Godin, published a book, *France, a Mission Country*. Father Godin was vicar of a small working-class parish at Clichy in the factory belt encircling Paris. He estimated that out of a working population of 18 million, at least 8 million were "pagans." In the heavily populated parishes of large cities, he found only 15% to 20% of the population "sympathetic" to Christianity and, of this number, from 5% to 10% were practicing Catholics and members of the religious community.

What were the reasons behind this drifting of the working classes away from the Church? Father Godin believed that French workmen, most of them peasants who had broken connections with their country parishes, had gone their own way completely outside the pale of the city parish. They no longer saw the meaning or the interest of Mass and the sacraments. Besides, the traditional priest, no matter how miserably he lived, was inevitably regarded as a bourgeois by the masses. This, because of his culture and his way of life.

Realizing that his position as vicar of a parish placed a barrier between himself and the workman, Father Godin asked to be named chaplain of the Christian Workmen's Youth organization at Lille. He decided that part of the French clergy would have to become missionaries and make direct contact with the great mass of workers.

The traditional apostolate of the parish priest always assumed existence of a practicing majority of believers. However, these new teams of missionaries returned to the early days of the Church by deciding to make the doctrine known before encouraging its practice. This did not imply that they considered the parochial system outmoded. While certain missions work outside of parishes, others bring temporary aid to parishes.

This is the role of the Trailer mission of the Sons of Charity, whom we saw at Rouen. Founded in 1946 by Father Thivollier, it has been making constant rounds of French working-class parishes, from the arsenal at Lorient to the slate mines at Trelaze. This mission is made up of four priests frequently aided by a seminarist who serves a six-month or a one-year apprenticeship.

They make three three-month missions a year and a summer mission lasting one month. They are interested only in working-class parishes and they visit a parish only if the local priest asks their assistance.

When the mission arrives in a parish, it immediately makes contact with the little core of local practicing Catholics. Its own news-

paper circulates more than 7,000 copies; and is distributed in every street by the local Catholics. The mission hires the local hall, and one of the priests calls on householders, announcing the meeting. This also gives him an opportunity of making contact with local people and getting to know them.

The meetings attract audiences varied in number and type. The atmosphere is not what you would call conducive to meditation. People stand, push, interrupt, and trample on toes. The debate is always begun by the priests, and the problems they choose for discussion are material and social as well as spiritual. Anything can be brought up, from living conditions in the parish to the position of the Church in respect to the working classes.

Nearly every evening the priests split up and visit workers' homes for small meetings. Then, in a tiny room, seated around a bottle of red wine, they tell the missionary their troubles, either in their jobs or at home.

The priest tries to interject a spiritual element into the discussion, taking great precautions as he does so. He does not try to convince but to put thinking processes to work. He does not talk as a preacher but as a friend. At the end of the meeting, the priest usually is invited by one of the guests to drop in at his home. In this way, the priest's circle of acquaintances widens.

The local curate and his vicars work closely with the mission. At every meeting the curate himself or one of the vicars is at the missionary's side. Thus, the mission brings home the fact that the curate is not a distant personality, inaccessible and outmoded, who passes his time shuttling back and forth between presbytery and sacristy.

Missions such as this one are not reserved exclusively for the cities. Similar experiments have been made in rural regions, especially in the center of France, where the drift from the Church has been the most pronounced. The Notre-Dame mission is also a trailer mission. It is made up of eight priests whose sole goal is to spread Christianity in the Creuse and Haute Vienne departments, one of the least religious regions of France.

A major reason for this situation is the shortage of priests, which has left many parishes without any curate at all. Certain parishes include hamlets eight miles from the church, and not many French peasants have cars. Most of the population is made up of peasants who, though landowners, live in poverty approaching misery and have voted for anticlerical parties for half a century.

The eight priests in the mission split up. Two move into the presbytery of the major town in the parish of 54 villages and hamlets, one of them being Father Leroy, chief of the mission. The six others divide into two-man teams, with a

trailer for each team. A team might have an area of some 45 square miles to cover during a period of one year.

The aim of this mission is the same as that of the Mission of the Sons of Charity: to bring peasants back into contact with their priests on a friendly basis. However, the method is different. A team visits a different hamlet every day, and there organizes a social evening.

This gathering, whose reputation always precedes the mission into a village, has become the "feature attraction" of the mission. Around 11 A.M., when the trailer stops inside of a hamlet, no one can be seen in the street, but there is a pair of eyes behind every window. "Look, here are the priests with the cinema."

While one of the priests chops wood and sets the kettle on the fire, the other begins to knock on doors. He announces the forthcoming gathering and asks that someone lend him a site, usually the common room in a farmhouse. He rarely finds a meeting place immediately, for the peasants beg off with excuses. Sometimes no one is willing to lend him his house, and the priests pass their "social evening" all alone in their trailer.

The gathering usually begins about 8:30 at night. The audience may vary from three to 23 persons. Once they are seated, one of the priests sets up his projecting apparatus. The show begins with a short comic film, followed by a documentary film with one of the priests providing the commentary.

Films bring up supernatural problems. Subjects, for example, might include the movement of the stars, the instinct of animals or the germination of wheat. The priest, discussing these phenomena, tries to make his audience grasp the idea of the presence of a thinking Being, of a universal Organizer. At this point, the onlookers become silent. They are interested in the documentary but they are dumbfounded by the priest's suggestions. They are troubled because, suddenly, they have been asked to reflect on matters which are not material in nature, but the priest never insists. When he introduces God into his commentary, he nearly always uses question marks.

Then, after two or three more films, the gathering ends. It had lasted two hours. The priests leave the next morning for another hamlet, to return months later. But, when they do return, they notice that the memory of their last visit has remained vivid. Their second welcome is always warmer than their first.

Priests in the Mission of France handle four or five rural or urban parishes in teams. They receive special training at the seminary of the Mission of France at Lisieux.

This seminary was founded in 1941 by Cardinal Suhard. In addition to providing intense religious training, it requires its students to

learn a manual trade. Their apprenticeship begins with a philosophical and theological training; it is then completed in the outside world, as farm laborers, sailors or factory workers.

The Lisieux seminary does not prepare only parochial teams to work with the Mission of France. It trains the majority of priests who, today, are participating in the most audacious experiment undertaken by the Church in France. Its graduates include the sailor priests of the Sea mission and the worker priests of the Parish mission.

The worker priests of the Parish mission do not seek a direct apostolate. In their case, they are not making contact with a group which had drifted from the Church: they are establishing a contact which never before existed. They do not go into the factories to lend direct support to militant Catholics already there. They go to show that the Church is present in the world of the workingman and to give the lie to the belief that the Church is exclusively on the side of the bourgeoisie because of its culture and way of life.

These priests never wear the cassock, even outside the factory, and they are completely integrated into the life of their fellow workers. As proof of their solidarity with the class of which they have become members, they all belong to trade unions and, when their companions go out on strike they do, too. (They even are allowed to become members of the communist-led (C.G.T.) Their presence in factories as workmen usually displeases factory owners, especially if the owner happens to be a Catholic.

> Two worker-priests were arrested with the communist demonstrators in the May 28 anti-Ridgway riots in Paris and were later manhandled by the police. The Paris police chief tried to justify the action of his men, but the daily paper, *La Croix*, stated: "The police prefect certainly did not see the condition of the two priest-workers after they had been held by the police. . . . The rough handling they had received was all the less understandable in that they were not carrying steel bars and were tending an injured man when they were arrested." The London *Catholic Herald* (20 June '52).

The Church in France has authorized this unconventional experiment because it believes that certain members of the clergy should penetrate as deeply as possible into the heart of the working classes. The Church has decided that the problems of French workers, their aspirations at home and in their jobs, has to be analyzed from within, not from the exterior as in the past. Finally, she realizes that it is highly necessary that some men should bear witness of the Christian way of life to French

workers. Hence, these men should live under exactly the same conditions as the workers. It is a question of proving that a man could be both a good Christian and a good worker.

All of the priest teams are attached to the mission center, directed by Canon Hollande. The canon is responsible directly to the Archbishop of Paris. Since the priests in this mission number only 25, high Church authorities have no difficulty entering into direct contact with them, and Archbishop Feltin of Paris often interviews his worker priests. In addition, the teams themselves meet regularly to organize their work.

As for their action in the ranks of French workers, it takes place not at the factory itself, where every man is busy at his job, but in the working-class quarter where the priests live. Most of them live in furnished rooms. They meet other tenants, the workers, neighborhood families, and the daily customers at the restaurant where they dine (they always lunch at the factory canteen).

This action is nearly always temporal in nature, for these priests are never the first to raise a religious question. Above all, they put into practice the principles of working-class solidarity by trying to solve the French worker's two basic problems—a place to work and a place to live.

When Father X comes home at night from the metal-working plant where he is employed as a laborer, he always finds from six to ten persons at his door. Thanks to the acquaintances he has been able to make and to those made by other priests in his team, he has an information system at his disposal which often helps him solve job and housing problems. It is with these methods, much more than with words, that the priest can transform himself from a stranger into a friend—and into a confessor. He merely sets an example and allows others to draw the moral of his work on their own.

It is impossible to judge the effect of the activities of this missionary movement. Cardinal Suhard declared, when the movement began, that 50 years must pass before the results could be judged.

However, certain tendencies are already visible. The Church has begun to stimulate the team spirit both among the clergy and the faithful.

The Church is maintaining contact on an equal footing with the peasant and the worker classes which do not practice Catholicism. It makes converts only of those with real faith and does not attract anyone interested only in his own material advantage. In other words, the Church in France is returning to the methods of primitive Christianity.

People who forget the 1st Commandment should take a tip from

The Lady Who Became a Fortuneteller



By MRS. GEORGE W. YOUNGLING

Condensed from *McCall's**

UNTIL I found myself reading cards and palms I would have insisted that most of us are really not too gullible. Now I know otherwise. We are gullible. We spend $125 million a year to prove it. I'm ashamed to say that I made some of that money. It seems fantastic even now, but there I was: Madame Cleo: Card-Reading and Palmistry.

I could barely tell the difference between a jack and a king. The only remarkable thing I noticed about the first palm I read was that it had a couple of golfer's calluses. My powers of extrasensory perception were confined to an occasional hunch that it might rain. Madame Cleo was a complete fraud. You are as well qualified to tell fortunes as she was. You could have got her salary, and if you had you would certainly have experienced the same sense of shock.

It began when a friend in the theatrical booking business got into a jam. He had contracted to present two gypsies at a country club. At the last minute the gypsies canceled their appearance. My friend tried desperately to find substitutes. No success. The afternoon of the scheduled appearance he phoned me with a wild proposition. Would I throw a gypsy costume together and go with him to the club as part of a soothsaying team?

He was really desperate. The whole venture sounded crazy enough to be fun; and wouldn't it make a good story, I thought, if we could get away with it?

We stopped on the way to buy two decks of cards and two long cigarette holders, for atmosphere. As we drove we plastered dark make-up on our pug noses and decided on the routine we'd use. Ciro would be his alias, Cleo would be mine. He would specialize in astrology and color, while I would know all about numbers and favorite songs.

When we saw the crowd inside, our gaiety vanished. We were good and scared as we tied bandannas over our blond heads and hung junk jewelry around our necks.

We were mobbed. An hour

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. June, 1952. Copyright 1952 by McCall Corporation.

passed before we had a chance to look at each other across the candlelit table. Obviously we were a huge success, and I suppose we should have felt triumphant. Instead we were incredulous. Listening to stories of discontent and bewilderment while you stare at the diamond-sprinkled fingers of the narrators can be excruciatingly embarrassing. It would take a psychiatrist five months, or even five years, to solve some of the problems I heard. Yet a fortuneteller, it seems, can solve everything in five minutes. "I see it in your hand . . . ." "The cards tell me . . . ." "It is written in the stars . . . ."

How many offer the same cheap reassurance with tea leaves, crystal balls or messages from the great beyond? It is easy to tell people what they wish to hear, and when they're so anxious to pay for it, why quibble? But what about the harm you may be doing? One unthinking comment can color the attitude, sap the energy, and misdirect the drive of any person confused enough to believe in the fortuneteller's allegedly occult powers. Even if his answer is based on simple common sense, can it always be right? It is all too easy to convince people that it is.

I told a fine-looking old gentleman I saw the number four in his hand. That number immediately became uniquely his. There were four persons in his family. He cut the cards three times and turned up a four each time. The coincidence dispelled any possible doubt as to my amazing ability, and he seriously asked me to tell him what the market was going to do.

> IN St. Louis, Mo., the human power to foretell the future was again tested and found wanting. Three Gypsy fortunetellers drew $25 fines because they failed to foresee they were telling the fortune of a policewoman and were going to be paid in marked money.
>
> Novena Notes (27 June '52)

The man wearing white tie and tails, in spite of his healthy tan, was obviously not a Good Humor salesman, at least not the ice-cream variety. He liked the great outdoors, of course, and in a country club like this he probably earned his sunburn on the golf course. I made this naïve observation, and he was delighted. Soon he was asking advice about his wife's health.

Between the costumes and the mumbo jumbo we were dishing out that night, I felt like a first cousin to an African witch doctor. A lady confided a list of ailments that sounded alarmingly like cancer symptoms. I asked her what her physician thought. "Oh, dear," she said, "I'm afraid to go to the doctor. I haven't told another soul about it."

The sad fact is, people wish to believe in fortunetellers. Their wish

to believe strengthens the fortune-teller's self-dramatized illusion. Between them they can turn every coincidence into revelation, frustration into hope.

Our little act was such a success that we were called upon for a repeat performance. We decided to find out more about the sorcery business.

We discovered that 185 of our newspapers carry daily horoscopes. This means that 22½ million readers are exposed to this sort of daily guidance. More than 700 astrologers make a better-than-average living selling the same kind of information distilled by the Babylonians 4,000 years ago, and from Hollywood to Maine we love it. Adolf Hitler, for one, never thought of moving without the advice of his stargazers.

More than a dozen astrology magazines are published, and the five leaders boast a circulation of more than a million. Do you want the advice of a bioastrologist? A biopsychophysic astrologist? He's there if you're willing to pay him. You may also find specialists in business astrology, vocational astrology, cosmic astrology, natal or radix astrology. And you can hire the services of an astrological physiognomist or an astrographologist. A man in Los Angeles earns $20,000 a year drawing horoscopes for dogs.

When I finally accepted another fortunetelling engagement I decided there would be no guesswork this time. I was armed with the interpretations of the signs of the zodiac, marked cards, and a book on the "science" of palmistry.

In spite of all this ammunition, the results of the evening were far less successful than they had been when imagination was my only guide. I resigned that night.

I think we can AVOID WAR *if:*

We can get more and more people to appreciate and practice the basic law of love. Christ gave it to us first and St. Thomas Aquinas framed it in the following words.

Love will bring us peace within ourselves when we love God with our whole hearts, so that we see all things in relation to Him; for then all our desires will be part of one single desire. And love will bring us peace with one another when we love our fellow men as ourselves, for this makes us want to fulfill their hearts' desire as though it were our own. Sister M. S.

[*For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words,* I think we can avoid war if, *$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.*]

Ten Boys Adopted Me

The missioner thought he would go to the university to teach, but the university came to him

By JOHN C. MURRETT, M.M.

THE message came from Kyoto, "A teacher is needed, English-literature department, Imperial University of Kyoto —preferably a priest who has taught and written. Can you send one?"

I had been editing magazines; short stories and plays carried my by-line, as did the biography of Maryknoll's co-founder, Father Price *(Tar Heel Apostle)*. With that background, my superiors felt that I would fill the bill, and I was appointed to the task in June, 1946. I was over 50, and that was the only point that worried my superiors, but from a Manchurian experience of having taught Japanese students, I knew that age was an advantage.



"You'll have two classes a week," my superiors told me, "and the university will provide a house for you on the campus." With the understanding that I'd be living there alone, I picked up only enough household utensils to serve one—with a possible guest or two. I managed to hire a motherly Japanese woman for the post of *o ba san* (auntie) and I was soon settled in a "cottage built for two" by a Japanese some 60 years before, and was supposed to be "foreign style." A long, narrow, glass-enclosed veranda ran along the west side of the house, and doors led into a "front room" and a dining room. Two long, narrow halls led to three bedrooms in the east wing, well towards the back of the house, and a tiny kitchen and a bath seemed to be an afterthought at the rear of the building.

I set up the front room as library-reading-conference room, where students and teachers could assemble; the dining room made a good chapel; and a corner in the hall served as a good place to eat my rice. One of the bedrooms had to go to the housekeeper, another was my own, and the third became a study. The house was comfortable enough, although badly in need of repairs. I settled down to what I



thought would be years of solitude.

As to my teaching, I had been misinformed. I was assigned to teach not two classes but 12. My teaching, serving as director for the English-Speaking society, and advisor to the English teachers of the college course, soon used up 24 hours a week.

Then something new was added, one warm afternoon in May. I was trying to help science students through the difficulties of pronouncing *f* and *v, th* and the very bothersome *l* and *er*. One student near a window caught my eye. He was ghastly pale, unusually thin, and seemed to be on the verge of fainting. I kept one eye on him. When at last the dismissal bell rang and he hadn't fainted yet, I beckoned to him.

"Are you ill?" I asked.

"No."

"But you are so pale, and so thin—" He seemed embarrassed, but I asked, "Are you getting enough to eat?"

The long pause that followed answered my question. Finally I got the boy's story, little by little. He was the second oldest of eight children; his father was unemployed; only an older brother was working; there wasn't enough food for ten; the little children had to be fed first.

We walked to my house as Jiro hesitatingly told me the story. There I found some vitamin tablets, and two pieces of chocolate candy which I had to press on him. I was surprised to hear that he was 18 years old—he looked like a boy of 12.

Each week after that the boy came for his supply of vitamins (and chocolates, when I could beg some from the Sisters) and yet I could not see much change in him. When summer vacation came Jiro asked me if I knew any foreigner in whose home he could get work as houseboy.

"I do not want any salary," he assured me; "I will work just for my meals. That is all I'll need."

I wondered how he would be able to do any work in such precarious health, but I promised to make inquiries. I did so the following Sunday. One of our priests in a downtown parish was well acquainted with many of the U.S. army personnel, and I asked him, "Do you know any foreigner who would give the boy a chance?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, and to my "Who?" he answered, "You!"

I was startled for a moment, but slowly it dawned on me that he was right. We "foreigners" were on food rations ourselves, but we did get a little more than the native Japanese were getting, and I could get relief packages from home. If I had to share them with Jiro I'd have the consolation of knowing that we'd both starve together.

My student came to live with me on a hot afternoon in July. His father came, too, to size me up. Meanwhile, I had been wondering what work I could give the boy to do. Paint the house? Repair the sagging floor boards? Prop up the porch steps? Those were tasks for a giant. I finally settled on having him trim the edge of the lawn, and he started off with alacrity.

Twenty minutes later he knocked timidly on the outside door, as if he were a stranger.

"Yes?" I called to him.

He came to my door, bowed deeply, and said, "I am very tired. May I please lie down?"

Of course, of course. I should have thought of it myself, but then I had never raised any boys before. Jiro was asleep before his head hit the pillow. When *o ba san* announced supper, I had to shake him so long that I was afraid he had become unconscious. When he came to the table there was a good supper of hot food, perhaps more food than he had ever seen at one meal. Yet the restraint he practiced at that first meal touched me deeply. To my, "Come, now, eat up," he smiled and thanked me, but continued practicing his self-denial.



Those days were much more pleasant than I had anticipated. I told Jiro how my own day was mapped out from morning prayers at 6:30 to night prayers at 9:30; and although the life was new to him, he began to fit in nicely. He learned to say the prayers before and after meals. He was interested in my explanations of the Holy Sacrifice, which he attended every morning, and in daily catechism classes.

When September came, and classes started again, I often wondered how I had ever got along without my first "son." Jiro was to have two brothers, but neither he nor I realized it until I came home from class one afternoon and found a young man waiting for me.

"I am Hiroyuki," he said, and I noticed that the whites of his eyes, and his fingernails were very yellow.

"Well, my hero," I said, "you look as if you have yellow jaundice."

"Yes, I am sick, and I have been to the school doctor, but I don't seem to get better. Can you help me?"

My knowledge of sickness and medicines was no more than personal—what had been done for me when I had been sick—but jaundice had never been one of the many ailments of my youth. I couldn't let Hiro know how woefully deficient I was, so I took down the only medicine I found in the bathroom cabinet, Sal Hepatica, and mixed him a foaming glass of that. The lad was a hero, indeed, and downed it all in a gulp.

"You'd better lie down for a few minutes, now," I told him. I let him stretch out on Jiro's bed (the only extra one in the house). Like his predecessor, he fell sound asleep at once. That reminded me of Jiro, so I told *o ba san* that there would be three for supper instead of the usual two. When he sat down to his first "foreign" meal, he said that he felt much better. Next day, the same treatment was administered, and Hiroyuki was restored to health. It was I, then, who became a hero to the two boys, and a surprise to myself.

Some days later, Hiro came back to ask me if I had room for him to live with us. I had no other bed, nor did I know where I could get another, but *o ba san's* room had Japanese *tatami* flooring (padded straw matting) on which the natives were accustomed to sleeping. Hiro and Jiro and I looked over the situation. We decided that it would be possible to provide a smaller room for auntie, and let the two boys sleep on the floor of what had been her spacious apartment.

So, Hiro became my second son and fell into the spirit of things as quickly as Jiro had. In another week, Hiro knew me well enough to tell me about his friend Shigeru, who lived in a tiny attic near by, but was scarcely well enough to continue his studies at the college. Almost before I knew it, my two boys had pushed over, and Shigeru had joined our ranks.



By November, Jiro had finished his daily study of the catechism, and surprised me by saying he had received his father's permission to become a Catholic; he chose St. Martin as his patron. In the six months that had passed he had developed well physically, and by Christmas, he was a chubby young man.

Hiro and his friend Shigeru had been studying Christian doctrine, too, and were much impressed with the ceremony of Martin's baptism. Hence, I was not surprised when, in January, they both presented themselves for the sacrament. Hiro chose St. Peter for his patron, "because he had denied Christ once, but later became His strongest disciple," and Shigeru, impressed because St. Albert the Great had been interested in science, especially biology, took that saint for his patron.

BUT to get back to 1948. On a cold, snowy night in January, the fearful call of fire sirens roused us from our study. The three students and I went to the front door. The sky was crimsoned almost over our heads. When Peter declared, "It's the college," I told the three to go and see if they could help. In the previous December, three university buildings had burned to the ground because of the low water pressure, and I knew that bucket brigades would be

needed against the fire.



A half hour later Peter returned, all his native reserve forgotten as tears streamed down his face. "Oh, Father, it's horrible. It's the three dormitories, and nothing can stop the fire." Some 50 boys, he told me, were trying to salvage their bedding and books, and my boys were helping them. But then there came the question, "Where can they take their things? Where can they go?"

"Hurry back," I told Peter, "and tell the first ten students you meet to come here." Peter didn't stop to ask how or where, but a smile shone through his tears when he realized that he could be of some definite help.

There wasn't much furniture in our front room—an old dining-room table, ten or 12 wobbly chairs, and a few bookshelves. I managed to get all of it out onto the unused side porch before Peter reappeared with the first bedraggled victims. None of them had been burned, but they had lost everything and were frightened, saddened, and bewildered.

Towards one o'clock in the morning, our front room looked like a refugee camp. *O ba san* had made great steaming pots of tea, and the rice kettle had been scraped to the bottom. There was no stove in the room, and the students sat around, shivering in their blankets, trying to fathom this newest catastrophe in their young lives.

Next day we were able to find some rusty iron beds in the dormitory ashes, but the front room was not large enough for ten beds. "I'll move my bed into the office," I said, "and that will make room for four more."

Peter was "ag'in it." "There isn't room enough, Father," he said. "They'll find some other place to live; they'll be gone tomorrow or the next day."

I wondered. But I made the move, and my newest sons seemed relieved of at least one worry when they knew I was trying to get them settled.

They didn't go the next day, nor the next; but on the third they appointed one of the ten to tell me, "If it is possible, we'd like to stay here. We don't expect you to feed us; the university will take care of that. But we would like (and here his English became confused) *you to stay with us.*"

We both recognized the mistake at the same time. I said, "You mean that *you* want to adopt *me?*"

The spokesman laughed, too, and said, "So it is!"

Then the picture came up before me: 15, counting *o ba san* and me, living in a cottage built for two, and I wondered if there were any housing laws in Japan. I just couldn't refuse the boys, so I let the ten of them adopt me as their Father. And now I'm glad I did.

It took but one more day to shift things around, but it was a day of action, and the 13 students entered into the spirit of it and made it a day of fun instead of work.

None of the ten new students were in my English classes, and only two or three of them could understand what I had to say. With Martin, Peter, and Albert in the house, we had decided that English would be the language of St. Ann's hostel, and I hoped we could keep it up now. I knew that all the students were able to read English, so I typed out a junior-seminary schedule.

From the very first all of them attended morning prayers and Mass, and I saw my three "old" boys teaching the newcomers how to say the Rosary and other prayers. We became a large, happy family.

In a few weeks, arrangements were made with the city authorities to supply extra rations to the victims of the dormitory fire. At the same time, the late Father Flanagan happened to pass through Kyoto, and *Boys Town* was appearing at a movie theater not far away. We went to see it, and when we came home a plan to organize our house on a self-governing basis was started. It was actually an inspiration of which I heartily approved: one student was elected governor of the house; another, treasurer; and three more were the council. The governor acted in my name, the treasurer collected the cost of rations monthly, and paid all bills. By pooling our rations we would have ample supplies for the larder, and all of us would live much better than when we were "on our own."

The boys set the table for meals and washed the dishes. Besides this weekly task, each one had some duty for a week at a time, regulator, refectorian, sacristan, etc. We didn't have meat, potatoes or ice cream in those days, but we did have fish, rice, soup, and vegetables. Everyone had enough.

When the ten who adopted me first came to our house, they were called by their Japanese names, Shiro, Takoa, Seiji, Hiroshi, etc., but after a while, when they heard Martin, Peter, and Albert called by their Christian names, they all asked for "foreign names," too. A translation of their Japanese name, or that of the saint honored on their birthday was chosen, and we soon had Clement, Pius, Justin, Thomas, Michael, Ciro, John, James, and Andrew. For some reason or other only one student, Taro, never got a Christian name; yet he was one of the most devout.

With so many sons to care for, I felt it would be better to call in another teacher who could give the boys Christian-doctrine lectures in Japanese. For this task a young convert, Augustine, was chosen, and the boys looked forward to that weekly hour.

In the meantime, seminarians in the U.S. sent cast-off clothing for my boys, and towels galore. Some also sent used missals, which all the boys soon learned to follow. Before long we had the whole congregation making Mass responses, while one of the Catholic boys served.

Living with a university professor gave the students the chance for help in their studies, and the older students tutored the younger. The greatest result of our living together was that the young men developed a sense of responsibility, and a spirit of fraternal charity that was truly Christ-like. There was never the least sign of a quarrel or unfriendliness. The few times when some student seemed to resent a ribbing the others laughed so heartily at his injured air, that he had to laugh himself.

During our first year together we inherited a piano. I dug down in my trunk for Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. (Japanese boys do not like jazz, thank God.) Each of the boys learned to play.

I discovered that all were able to read music easily, so I began a class in Gregorian chant. To my great joy, they liked the music of the Church very much. When I was able to get a few books with proper notation, they learned several Masses.

I had no other Sunday assignment at that time but Mass in our own little chapel, so I was free to answer the plea of the army chaplain to go to the post chapel and play the organ each Sunday morning. By Christmas, the students had learned the Proper of the midnight Mass and that of the 3rd Mass for Christmas morning. When no choristers answered the chaplain's appeal for midnight-Mass singers, it was our ten pagan boys and three Catholics who filled the bill then, each succeeding Christmas and Easter, and on the first Sunday of each month.

In January we celebrated the anniversary of the dormitory fire by the Baptism of three more of the group. In April, student No. 14 was added, and in the following months two others came, just when we were telling inquirers that it was impossible to squeeze another in.

Sixteen was the absolute limit, and when he who was to be No. 17 wrote me a letter which I received on Christmas night, I knew what must have ben the feelings of the old lady who lived in a shoe.

What would you have done if you were in my place, and had received a letter like this?

"Dear sir Father: You don't know me. I am student of Jurisprudence Faculty at Kyoto University. One time I read in Kyoto newspaper that you are very kind Father to students. I thank you because you help Japanese.

"Father sir, when atom bomb fell on Hiroshima my parents, brothers and sisters were all killed.

I was in Naval Academy at M——, so I only am alive in my family. Everything was destroyed. Then I stayed there so I could get enough money to come here to school. Last April I passed entrance examinations to Jurisprudence and began my study.

"But I had been sick now. Doctors examine me and say my stomach cannot digest food. All the money I saved is now gone for medicine and doctor bill. I have nothing left. For many days I think, how can I do. Then two things appear: 1. I ask the Father to help me; 2. I commit suicide and join my family.

"I am too proud. I think, 'No, I cannot ask help from American who killed my parents.' And then although I have suffered to lose parents, and ill health, life is still very sweet to me. I cannot do that other thing. So now I cannot be proud. I can only ask you to be kind to me, and if you do something to help me I will be your slave. Please help me, sir."

When I had my glasses well rubbed after reading that I called one of the boys and sent him post haste to the address on the letter. "Find that student, and bring him back with you," I said.

An hour later the two returned, and I saw at a glance that my correspondent was surely in need of help. But there wasn't space in the house for another body. Our students told me that the present lodging house of the sick boy was a very clean place, that the *o ba san* there was a kind, motherly lady.

We were able to arrange for the sick boy to room where he had been, but to come to our house for meals. Later he obtained a student-aid loan to cover his lodging and books, and the university waived tuition. His share in our rations would have to be met by me.

BY that time I had five orphans on my hands who knew no other home but ours. Each of the 17 lads was an excellent student. Only three came from homes that could afford to pay all their expenses; had it not been for a few benefactors in America, together with permission to use my meager university salary for student aid, the other 14 would have had to give up.

That there were many other students just as deserving, and as much in need of help, I knew very well. But I could not build a bigger place. In a growing mission like Kyoto, all funds were needed to set up churches and missions to care for the great numbers who were coming into the fold.

"How much would I need," I asked Brother William, our architect-builder, "to put up a hostel to house 40 students?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," he answered quickly, and I noticed that when one says it quickly it doesn't seem to be so much. It was only when I began thinking of

how I might get $50 here, or $100 there, that the vastness of the sum overwhelmed me.

I don't despair, though. I believe that such a work is pleasing to God; it is His work, and I have faith that He will someday bring our dream of a new and larger hostel to reality. Today, 18 are living in the cottage built for two, and a waiting list of 40 or more stands knocking on the door of my heart.

Six years have passed, and of the 32 students who lived with me, most have been instructed, baptized and are engaged in some definite work of Catholic Action. Three have been presidents of Legion of Mary groups, many others are active in St. Vincent de Paul work, three more have chosen work among the deaf and dumb (although such work entailed study of the sign language, too), five have gone to the seminary to study for the priesthood, and three others are now in the U.S. on scholarships.

Taro, who never had a Christian name, said to me one morning just after I baptized Paul and Samuel, "You must be disgusted with me."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because of the ten of us who adopted you, I am the only one who is not baptized."

"Is it your fault?" I asked.

"No," he answered simply, "I just haven't received the gift of faith."

"Then," I told him, "if I were disgusted, it would have to be with God, who hasn't given you the gift yet—but you wouldn't want that, would you?"

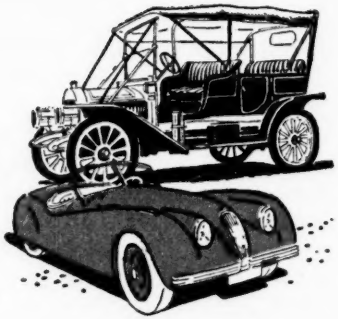
"Oh, no, Father. He knows best. Some day, perhaps . . . ."

Yes, I'm pretty sure of it, too. Some day the gift will come and Taro will accept it gratefully. But even if it should not come, I know that Taro and all the students who have passed through our "sardine can" will always be friendly toward the Church. Since all of them will be among the future leaders of Japan, I am convinced that we can look to a future in Japan where democracy will be gauged by those leaders on the highest Christian principles.

I am glad, now, that the boys adopted me.

THE PRINCIPAL of this story took every precaution against death. He brushed his teeth twice a day; the doctor examined him twice a year; he wore rubbers when it rained; slept with the windows open eight hours every night; ate fresh vegetables; never smoked nor took a drink; got plenty of outdoor exercise. But his funeral is next Wednesday. He forgot to keep to his own side of the road. *Medical Missionary of Mary.*

The Unbelieving Auto Inventor



The obscure Austrian who made the first practical car took little interest in the product of his genius

By KEN W. PURDY

Condensed from *"The Kings of the Road"**

THE U.S. makes, uses, crashes, and junks more cars than any other nation. Every 15 seconds or so, we smash a car into some unyielding surface, haul it away, mop up the blood, and hurry on. We produce cars at an almost frightening rate: one every 60 seconds, 18 hours a day!

The automobile is here to stay, but half the fun is gone out of it. It was not necessary that the American car grow 500 pounds heavier than it need be. It was not absolutely essential that it develop a huge prairie of hood for the poor driver to peer across, wondering vainly where his right fender might be. Why should every American car look like every other, so that even the brighter young boys can't tell them apart 20 yards away?

We have raised a generation of Americans cheated out of one of life's important pleasures, the joy of driving a light, fast, safe, and supple vehicle. It could be reliable, cheap, and a lot of fun. Once it was, right here in America. In other parts of the world, it still is.

For day-in, day-out transportation for carrying the limp and supine body from pillar to post, you can't beat Detroit products. It's not safe transportation, it's not economical, but it's reliable. It's as reliable as the appearance of the 5:05 around the bend at Whisker Junction, and just about as exciting.

For excitement, fun, and cheap transportation, we must look to the European car. And when we do, our American ego suffers another puncture. For the automobile was not invented by Henry Ford, or by any other American, as so many of us believe. Ford did bring earth-shaking changes to the auto industry. He saw early that the auto was a means of mass transportation, and so transformed our lives. But he came a long time after the real inventor, Siegfried Marcus.

Marcus, a German-born Austrian, drove the first car on April 9, 1865, the same day that Lee surrendered

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to Grant. Very little is known of Marcus. This is partly because he was shy, and partly because of the nazis. They tried to destroy all evidence of his connection with the auto, because he was a Jew. To the nazis, the idea that a Jew invented the auto before the pure Aryan inventors, Benz and Daimler, was unthinkable. Actually, Marcus was very little interested in his auto, although he experimented with it off and on for 10 years. He refused to market the car. Since most of his test runs brought him into trouble with the police, we can hardly blame him.

Like Edison, Marcus was a practical inventor rather than a theoretician. He developed his remarkable talent for mechanics by watching machinists at work. When he was 17, he got a good job with Siemens & Halske, one of the best engineering firms in Germany.

By the time he was 20, he had invented an improved relay for telegraph systems. After a year, he attached himself to the court mechanic of Austria, and developed and registered several useful inventions.

He saved his money, and opened a shop of his own. Then he started work on an idea for artificial light. He thought that a mixture of gasoline and air, ignited by a stream of electrical sparks, would produce a brilliant light superior to gas. Fortunately, he conducted his experiment out of doors, because he got only a violent explosion. He abandoned his idea in disgust.

Later it struck him that if he could explode such a mixture in a closed cylinder fitted with a piston, he would get a useful source of power. His first "automobile" ran the next year. The chassis was from a wheelbarrow, for Marcus could not afford a carriage. The engine was a two-stroke unit geared directly to the wheels. It could be started only by jacking up the rear of the barrow and spinning a wheel by hand. It had no steering wheel and no brakes. But it started on demand and ran on its own power.

Marcus tested it one night on a deserted parade ground. Next morning, he put his contraption in his yard and left it there. He had proved it would run; that's all there was to it. Neighbors had told the police that dangerous experiments were going on in Marcus's shop. They feared explosions and fire. There seemed small promise in an engine that used gasoline, which cost $2.50 a gallon.

Later, Marcus got some money out of other inventions, and turned back to the auto. In 1874, he brought out an improved model. This had a four-cycle engine, a suitable wooden chassis, a jet carburetor, a throttle, and a sound electrical system. This *Stassenwagen,* as Marcus called it, was driven down Vienna streets in broad daylight. Police came in droves. Mar-

cus agreed to drive only at night. He made one trip of seven and a half miles.

Later attempts were made to interest Marcus in factory production of his automobile. He was against it. Later he agreed on condition that he would serve only as consultant, but he never showed up for consultation. Two of the cars were made, and they were better than the German cars by then in production. But Marcus would show no interest, and the project was abandoned.

In 1898, the Austrian Auto club put on an exhibit of Austrian cars, including Marcus's 1875 model. Marcus was not impressed with the show. He shook his gray head. "A waste of time and money," he said. He died not long afterward.

This struck me

Bad are the attacks made by bigots and other enemies of Catholicism upon our precious parochial schools. Worse is the apathy of Catholic parents who could but will not send their children to Catholic schools. Christopher Hollis, in the following passage concerning converts and the nature of Catholicism, shows that such parents fail to recognize the pearl of great price that they are casting away from themselves and their children.*

THE FAITH has its message for every stage of life. There is a Catholicism of the child and a Catholicism of adolescence, a Catholicism of manhood and a Catholicism of old age, just as we can love as a child and love as a youth, love as a man and love as an old man. The soul which, either through conversion after a non-Catholic upbringing or after an upbringing by careless Catholic parents, comes late to the full Catholic life has lost something which can never be recaptured. No sanctity of middle life, however heroic, nor devotion, however intense, can ever fill the gap which the lack of Catholic schooldays must necessarily leave in the fullness of a convert's life.

*In *St. Ignatius.* Copyright 1931: Harper; 1933: Sheed & Ward.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction $25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

The Four Lads

A Canadian quartet finds success in song and prayer

By ERIC HUTTON

Condensed from *Maclean's Magazine**

AT TEN PAST TEN every night, when most good choirboys say their prayers and go to bed, Connie Codarini, Bernie Toorish, Jimmy Arnold, and Frank Busseri say their prayers—and go to work. Work consists of trotting into the spotlight of a night-club stage under the name of the Four Lads.

"When you pray backstage in a night club you're going to take a kidding from some of those characters," said Codarini. "But I don't think we could sing otherwise. Monsignor Ronan made it part of our natures to pray before singing. He was our teacher in the choir school."



Today their names are on half a dozen records playing follow-the-leader on juke boxes and hit parades across the continent. They have survived the heady experience of being besieged in a theater for three days running by overwrought bobby-soxers. Their personal-appearance bookings stretch into what amounts to perpetuity in show business. They are part of a package under General Artists Corp. management, with Johnnie Ray, the tearful tenor, and Billy May's orchestra, which has been booked for months ahead into theaters from Montreal and Toronto to Atlantic City, Baltimore and way points like New York. The price of this package is $12,000 a week plus 5% to 10% gross admissions. The Four Lads' share of this bonanza is a business secret, but in their own words, "We're still wondering what hit us."

Whatever it was that hit them, I am able to report that it seems to have done them no injury. Recently the Four Lads were appearing in Cleveland, and I drove down to see them. Their tracks were clearly visible all the way from Toronto. At every coffee pause through Ontario, New York state, Pennsylvania, and Ohio they were available at the drop of a

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. May 15, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd.

nickel in the slot with one or both of their recordings issued to date, *Turn Back* and *Tired of Loving You*. In addition, they played supporting choral roles in four ever-present works by Johnnie Ray: *Cry, Little White Cloud That Cried, Broken-hearted,* and *Please, Mister Sun*.

It turned out to be easier to hear the Four Lads than to talk to them. The switchboard operator at the St. Regis hotel admitted cautiously that they were in their suite but added that they weren't accepting calls. "And you couldn't talk to them now anyway," she added triumphantly. "Every Tuesday night they talk to their parents in Toronto right up to the time they leave for the club. They're on long distance now."

During the hour or so in which the boys talked to their parents, their records turned up twice on disc-jockey shows over my hotel radio. One program played *Turn Back* after introducing the singers as "the Canadian foursome who are going places in a big way." All in all, the Four Lads had received quite a build-up before I first saw them at a Cleveland night club.

The first two acts were received enthusiastically enough, but it was plain that the customers were waiting for the stars, the Four Lads. Applause drowned out even their introduction by the master of ceremonies and swelled higher as they came onstage.

Frank Busseri, 19, baritone, who usually leads the quartet into a song, is stocky, with a Joe E. Brown mouth. He has small eyes that glint with fun, and short expressive arms which serve as double conductor's batons.

Bernie Toorish, 21, lead tenor, is the Joe College of the quartet on the stage and privately the only one who worries. "But that's because he's our composer and arranger," the others say, "and his moods don't last long." Toorish is a tall Irish boy with dark-blond curly hair.

Codarini, 22, with Latin good looks, is the bass and the announcer, likewise the spokesman who handles ringside repartee from the customers who may be feeling their oats toward the end of the evening. Connie says, "When the customers heckle us it shows they know we're there, anyway."

Jimmy Arnold, 20, is described by his former choir instructor, Msgr. J. E. Ronan, as "one of the finest high tenors I have ever heard." Jimmy is lath slim, quiet, and utterly relaxed.

After their performance (the orchestra had to drown out the sixth encore to prevent the first show from running into the second) the lads recovered their breath, drank coffee, and talked.

"What we've mainly had," said Codarini, "is breaks, and perhaps our biggest break was getting into St. Michael's Cathedral Choir

school." Monsignor Ronan, head of the school, later told me that the choir school, with an enrollment of more than 150 selected boys, teaches all school subjects up to grade ten, plus a dozen musical subjects. At least 14 Catholic churches in the Toronto area have St. Michael's graduates as choir directors or organists, but the Four Lads are the first graduates to move into big-time commercial music.

"They're good boys who got there by talent and energy," said Monsignor Ronan. "Their repertoire is not, perhaps, what we would have chosen, but they're good boys, we wish them well, and everybody in the school takes a keen interest in their career."

The formula of success followed by the Four Lads is fairly simple in an incredible sort of way. It is compounded of all possible breaks, the best possible teaching, and unusual natural musical equipment.

In the case of the Four Lads this long-shot equipment consists of perfect pitch. The possession of this musical attribute, which may be described in reverse as inability to sound a sour note, is rare enough in an individual singer to rate mention. But to find four boys brought together by chance, and all gifted with the ability to sound any note in their range by ear, is remarkable. And it gives them a tremendous advantage over other singing groups who must endlessly rehearse themselves into harmony with each other. This is one reason why the Four Lads were able to devote most of their preparation to the fine points. This preparation is paying off now.

One of the unforgettable experiences of the Four Lads came as a result of an invitation to sing over a Buffalo radio station. They gave a program of Negro spirituals, and before it was over a Buffalo Negro pastor telephoned, asking to speak to "one of those fine Negro singers."

He was unwilling to believe that the spirituals had been sung by Canadian boys of Italian, Irish, and English origin. But, convinced, he completed his mission: an invitation to sing a concert in his church the following Sunday. The boys accepted, but with a good deal of embarrassment added that they could not afford the bus fare. Courteously the old pastor assured them that transportation would be provided. Next Sunday a member of the congregation drove to Toronto before dawn, picked up the boys at their far-separated homes and brought them to the church.

"It really was something," recalls Toorish. "We had been accustomed to sing in the magnificence of St. Michael's cathedral, where deep silence follows the last chord of a hymn. But when we finished our first spiritual in that little Negro church we were taken completely by surprise. The congregation, led by the minister, applauded!"

Their manager pays the boys a salary which amounts to generous pocket money. The rest, after expenses and commissions, is put away in conservative investments. The boys themselves are stockholders in the Four Lads Corp., of which their manager is also a director. "We even hold annual meetings," said Bernie, "but thus far the senior director has prevented us from voting ourselves a raise."

Bernie Toorish is, as a matter of fact, the biggest shareholder. He gets a small percentage cut of the others' earnings because he is the group's arranger. In addition, as Daz Jordan, he is a semi-independent composer. Toorish, alias Jordan, wrote *Turn Back*, and receives composer's royalties.

If money isn't being allowed to turn the Lads' heads, there remain, of course, the hazards of fame. But the Lads' mothers don't worry.

"They never gave us any trouble when they were at home," said Mrs. Busseri. "They were too busy working for what they wanted. And they're busier than ever now, so they have even less time for mischief. And don't forget, they're genuinely religious boys."

The Lads still keep up their church singing whenever possible, and have appeared on Sundays with church choirs in cities where they vocalized in hot-spots during the week. Even when they haven't time for volunteer choir work they never miss Sunday Mass.

What of the Four Lads' future? "There's only one thing we're sure of," says Connie, the spokesman, "and that is that there must be four of us if we're to have a future. We've figured out that individually we have just one chance in a million of success. Together we've already gone farther than we ever hoped. So, in addition to being legally a company, we're a company in every other way. There's no such thing as individual pictures of the Four Lads. Our autograph is 'the Four Lads', not 'Connie, Jimmy, Bernie, and Frank.' We don't even go on single dates, when we have time for dates.

"Marriage? Not much time for that as far ahead as we can see. The way we travel around we can't expect girls we used to go with to wait for us. But, in case any of us marry, we have a private understanding: no wives are going to break up the Four Lads. We have too far to travel yet."

Foresight

ISN'T it wonderful the way Mother Nature provides for us? For a million years no one could have known that someday we would be wearing glasses, yet she fashioned our ears for them.

Katholischer Digest, (Aschaffenburg, Germany), June '52.

The Soviet strength will be in armor, not manpower, but it will be stopped

If Russia Attacks Tomorrow

By DREW MIDDLETON

Condensed from *"The Defense of Western Europe"**

WHAT would happen if the Russians attacked in Europe tomorrow? What chance do the 25 divisions under Ridgway have? Are they capable of halting the Soviet attack?

They face approximately 40 divisions of Chuikov's German "front." But no Soviet drive westward would be powered by an engine of only 40 divisions. The Russian front in East Germany would be very strongly reinforced before any attack was launched, so strongly, it is hoped, that intelligence would get some inkling of what was going on. Some sources believe that the Soviets would not attack until a force of at least 100 divisions had been made ready in East Germany.

My own view is that a Russian attack in the Central European theater would be launched by not more than 75 divisions but that a high percentage would be armored divisions and mechanized rifle (infantry) divisions. The Russians could not mobilize the 551 divisions which, according to British intelligence, they had available early in 1945. There are two reasons why such numbers are out of the question today.

The first is that the Soviet Union will not be receiving help in the form of weapons and equipment from the U.S. In the 2nd World War, U.S. assistance allowed the Soviet Union to maintain a huge number of men in the field. The number would not have been possible had Russia had to make all its own tanks, trucks, and planes. Should there be another war, this condition will no longer be true. A vast army of industrial workers will be necessary to maintain the Soviet army in the field. For the first time in thousands of years the mass tactics of Borodino, Balaclava, Inkerman, Smolensk, Stalingrad, and Krivoi Rog must give way to a more adroit handling of smaller groups.

The second reason lies in the present character of the Soviet army. Since 1945 it has undergone

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an organizational change. Although it is still the second largest army in the world (the Chinese army is bigger), it is no longer a mass army. The Russian emphasis is increasingly on quality of men, equipment and training, not on quantity. The steam roller is being replaced by the lawn mower, a much smaller and handier instrument.

So we come down to the prospect that a Soviet drive westward in the Central European front would be launched by about 75 divisions, all of a very high caliber in training. About half of them would have a lot of armor. Not all would be armored divisions in the American or British sense, but the standard of mechanization in all the divisions would be high.

Satellite armies would attack Greece, Yugoslavia, and Italy. Offensives on a smaller scale would be mounted in the North against Norway and Denmark and possibly against Sweden and Finland. This would be war on the grand scale, much larger than anything Hitler attempted in 1940. Russia's 75 divisions would attack Ridgway's 25. Yet the odds would not be as one-sided as they seem to be.

To begin with, the offensive, which the Russians must assume, would involve certain difficulties. The forward sweep of the Soviet armies would be checked by river crossings. During those pauses the allied counterpunches would be made.

Moreover, the Russian divisions would not flood westward easily. The speed of mechanized divisions depends not only on tanks but on gasoline trucks, ammunition carriers, and all the other vehicles made indispensable by mechanical war in which a day's supply of ammunition or gasoline can be expended in an hour's fierce fighting.

The Russians, no matter how great their strength, would be tied to the roads, and their frontage in attack would be limited by available roads. They would push infantry companies off the roads onto the hills and fields, but the life lines of the army would be the highways. The nightmare of a great sweep westward of a Soviet horde from the Baltic to the Alps would not become a reality.

Now, although the force that would oppose the Russians is neither as big nor as good as we would like, it is not negligible. The ten American and British divisions in Germany, for example, are probably of as high caliber as anything the two nations have ever produced in peacetime.

We are betting very heavily on reserve divisions in Europe, and both the U.S. 7th army and the British Army of the Rhine have some conscripts and reservists in their ranks. But the quality is amazingly high, and these can be counted regular divisions. By *regular* is meant divisions with a high standard of training, a fair amount of

experience in the ranks and among the officers, and outstanding morale. With such divisions a good commander can do almost anything. The Dunkirk operation was possible because Viscount Gort, the commander in chief, was operating with regular soldiers and regular officers, the hard dying, hard fighting core of any successful army. With them, an experienced commander can take chances which would be out of the question with newly raised divisions. He can commit them to situations in which other units would be massacred. He can ask them to perform tasks which new divisions would never contemplate.

Divisions like these would not be overwhelmed by any Russian tidal wave. They would not be able to hold the Soviet thrust on the frontiers, nor should they be expected to do so. But they would be able to deliver telling counterstrokes against the Soviet forces in the main battleground between the Elbe and the Rhine.

In the quality of the American and British troops in Germany we find the first plus in any assessment of whether a Soviet offensive could be checked. There are others.

One is that the morale, training, and effectiveness of the French army in Germany has risen swiftly since 1950. In the event of war, the French army on the Rhine would make a real contribution to the defense of Germany. Given the equipment it has been promised, the French army in Europe generally should develop into a reasonably sound fighting force.

I say "reasonably sound" because no army is any better than the people from which it comes. France is not equipped morally to fight a long war. The French, I am convinced, will fight well in Germany. What they would do if the Russian eruption spilled over into France is another question.

Another plus. The quality of the young men of the U.S. air force and Royal air force could not be higher. It is a reproach to the people and the governments of the U.S. and of Britain that if war began tomorrow these young men would go to war in planes inferior to those of the Soviet air force.

The best we can hope for during the first weeks of any general conflict would be a series of daring, perhaps brilliant exploits by these young men against the massed might of the Soviet air force. They would win an occasional breathing space for the men on the ground and permit the mounting of a counterattack. But we would be buying time with the bodies of young men flying planes that are obsolete because Americans wished new television sets and convertibles instead.

Now to another plus, a more concrete one than the high quality of the fighter pilots, which is balanced by the comparatively low quality

of their planes. This plus is the effect which U.S. atomic bombing would have on the Russian push.

The strategic airman advocates determined resistance to Soviet ground forces by western troops to force the Russians to expend their ammunition, gasoline, and lubricants. Then the effect of long-range atomic bombing of the centers of Soviet production would be felt by the Soviet armies very soon. This point of view, which was put to me by one of the highest ranking officers of the U.S. air force in Washington in 1950, is a cold-blooded one and not the only one.

For the real plus in atomic bombing is not that it would eliminate the reserve stocks of the Soviet armies in Germany, or anywhere else, but that it would paralyze the will to fight of the Russian people. Atomic tactical weapons in the field would have the same effect on the Soviet soldiers. We would suffer atomic attacks ourselves, but in atomic warfare, the apex of all mechanical warfare, we can count upon the U.S. being superior.

By One Vote

THE BILL giving women the right to vote was introduced in the House of Representatives in 1918. This hot political issue ran into a hectic time on the floor. When it came time to vote, the balloting of the congressmen wound up in a tie. But there was one congressman who wasn't there. He was Fiorello La Guardia of New York. He had joined the AEF as an aviator, and was still in Italy. A wire was sent to him asking his stand on the matter. The young aviator, later to become one of New York's greatest mayors, cabled back his vote. And this ballot from the battlefield was the margin by which the bill allowing women to vote finally passed the House to eventually become law.

As is its traditional custom, Amherst college was holding its annual student balloting to decide who was most likely to succeed in life. Practically all the votes went to one popular young student, whose initials were D. D. M. In fact, he missed a unanimous vote by one—his own. He had voted for a rather retiring student named Cal. Dwight D. Morrow went on to become a U.S. senator from New Jersey, but he won his greatest distinction later while serving as ambassador to Mexico. But the person who had appointed him ambassador was the student for whom he had cast that lone vote in college: President Calvin Coolidge. Harold Helfer.



Ernest W. Lakeman paints the original design. This is the first step in making stained-glass windows.

Storied Windows

Warmed by the sun, the jewel-like glass preaches a silent sermon



Working from the original design, the artist makes a full-sized charcoal sketch of each window.

As YOU READ these words several tourists stand beneath the stained-glass window of the Virgin and Child in France's famed Chartres cathedral.

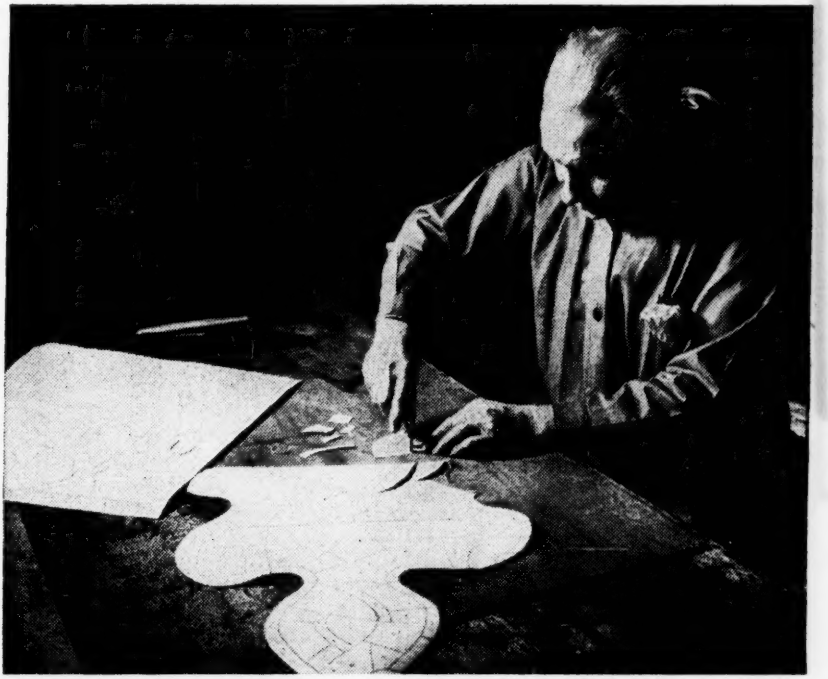
In silence they watch the play of sunbeams on the thousands of bits of stained glass, and begin to understand the piety which prompted craftsmen to fashion this ageless work of art.

After 800 years of wars and plagues, this window, like a mosaic of priceless jewels glowing in the changing sunlight, still preaches its silent sermon.

. Artisans of the 12th century dedicated years to its design and assembly. After the clergy had outlined the general plan for the cathedral glazing, the artist made his drawing for each window on a large whitewashed platform set up on trestles.

Then he marked each part of the sketch to indicate the positions of various colors, and with a hot iron cut the sheets of glass to the

Globe photos by Ted Koepper

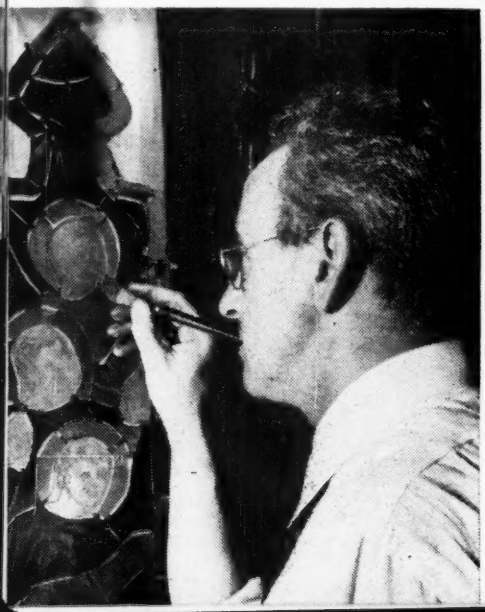


From the charcoal sketch he draws an outline to the exact size of the window. This outline shows where lead is to be inserted between numbered panes of glass. Next he cuts the outline into sections which will determine the shapes of the pieces of colored glass.



After the pieces have been cut, the edges are filed smooth for safety. Then they are pasted with beeswax on a plate-glass easel, where paint is applied.

Another artist paints in the faces and features. He uses a metal-oxide pigment which fuses permanently with the glass when it is fired in an oven.



shapes indicated in his sketch. Where the outline did not emphasize facial features and other lines, he painted them in.

As he worked, other craftsmen mixed metal oxides with chips of glass in metal pots, and heated them to the boiling point. Each bubbling pot contained a different color. When the pot-metal paint was ready the master artist spread it on the pieces of glass.

Next the painted pieces were placed on a metal slab and pushed into a kiln, where the enamel fused with the glass. From the kiln, workmen carried the baked glass to the glazing table.

While the glass was cooling the artisan prepared strips of lead of the proper length for insertion between the bits of glass. He sealed the pattern with a mixture of cement and putty. Window sections were soldered together. The lead strips not only served as a connection between pieces of glass, but also defined the main sections of the design.

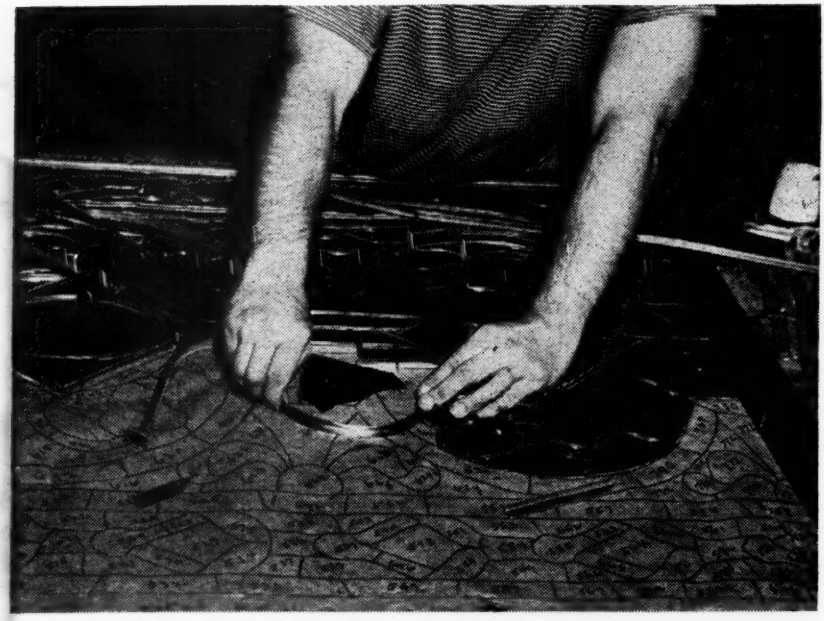
Chartres was the center for window-making during the 12th and 13th centuries. The men who fashioned this famous window later made masterpieces for other cathedrals.

When, during the 14th century, the Black Death disorganized the cooperative effort of stained-glass designers, the glass work in France, Germany, and other countries became distinctly different. About this time the Cistercian Order of



Once it has been painted, each piece is removed from its mounting and placed on an asbestos sheet. Then it is pushed into the oven.

Mr. Lakeman watches the burning-in process through a small opening in the oven door. The pigment now fuses permanently with the glass.



A glazier fits the finished pieces of glass into strips of grooved lead cut to the proper size.

monks, which favors simplicity, opposed the making of colorful pictorial windows.

Gradually the technique of telling a story in a series of medallions was developed. This, in turn, called for larger windows, and even influenced Gothic architecture itself.

The term *stained glass* originated in the 15th century when painters began using a silver-nitrate stain which, when fired, produced various tones of yellow. The heavy leading and irregularly shaped glass was also replaced by larger sheets of clear glass, and stained-glass making declined until it became a lost art.

About a century ago American artists began the chemical analysis of stained glass, and discovered the compounds which produced some of the medieval pot-metal colors.

One of the leading American stained-glass artists is Ernest W. Lakeman, whose methods are illustrated here. He made the windows for the Church of the Holy Nativity in Manhattan and for St. Brendan's in the Bronx.

Lakeman has operated his own studio since 1930, and has executed many important commissions with a craftsmanship that has earned him a place among the leading glassmakers of America.

We Stalked the Tirpitz

British sailors in a Norwegian fishing boat eluded German mines, planes, and inspectors

By DAVID HOWARTH

Condensed from *"Across to Norway"**

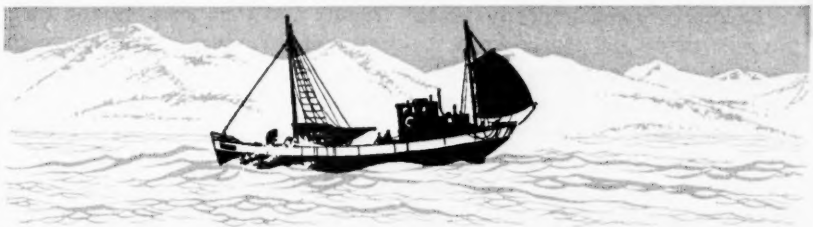
THE German battleship *Tirpitz* was a tempting prize, hidden in a narrow fjord in northern Norway. Without turning a propeller or firing a shot, she kept much of the British navy tied to the home fleet. This was in 1942, when British warships were badly needed elsewhere.

The *Tirpitz* was impregnable to any orthodox attack. High mountains made her an impossible target for aircraft. Warships could not get near her, surrounded as she was by submarine nets, mines, and patrol vessels. Getting at her would mean a 70-mile trip up the winding fjord under the muzzles of the coast-defense guns.

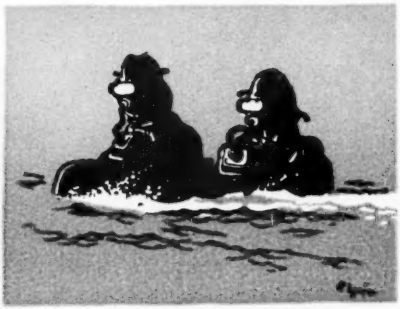
Since the sinking of the *Bismarck*, the *Tirpitz* was the only battleship left to the Germans. They kept her in this fjord from which she might dash out undetected at any time to raid British shipping, as the *Bismarck* had done.

During the Norwegian invasion in 1940, many Norse fishing boats had escaped to England and Scotland. As a lieutenant commander in the royal navy, I had already had some experience in working with Norwegian sailors.

An idea came to me whereby the *Tirpitz* might be sunk. The navy had just then perfected a two-man torpedo, the "Chariot." About 20 feet long, it was driven by electric motors. Its crew sat astride it in diving suits, protected by a kind of "windshield." The nose carried a very large detachable warhead. The crew steered it below their target, attached the warhead to the bottom of the victim, set a time fuse, and



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then made their escape riding on the rest of their torpedo.

The Chariots carried a big enough warhead to cripple the *Tirpitz* and keep her in the fjord for the rest of the war. The navy agreed to let us try to get two of these torpedoes, with six men, into Trondheim, and I was determined to provide some means for them to get back alive to Scotland again.

The Chariots needed two "dressers" to put the crew of two into their diving suits. The fishing boat which was to take them to the *Tirpitz* would need four Norwegians to navigate it across the North sea and through the German controls up the fjord. The Chariots would have to be carried on deck across the sea, then towed under water to smuggle them past the controls.

Leif Larsen, a Norseman who was game for any daring job, was chosen skipper. The *Arthur,* one of the smallest of our fishing boats, was selected to carry the torpedoes, for it was thought that a small boat would be inconspicuous. Larsen, who knew the plan, picked his own four-man crew. P. O. Bjornoy was engineer; Roald Strand, radio operator; Johann Kalve, deck hand; and Sevrin Roald, shipwright. These men were told only that something was to be attached to the keel of the *Arthur* and something hidden inside her, and that they were not to talk to anyone about it.

We decided that peat would be the best cargo for the *Arthur* to carry to Trondheim, in addition to its deadly torpedoes. Peat was convenient, nonperishable, lightweight, and bulky. The *Arthur* had a small cabin aft, an engine room, a hold, and a forecastle.

We built a new bulkhead between the engine room and the hold to hide the English Chariot crew. We used old lumber and nails, and carefully dirtied the work afterwards, so that the false bulkhead would not be noticed by German inspectors. We cut a small door to the bulkhead on the engine-room side, and hid it with the switchboard. The Germans could never find this secret compartment without making elaborate measurements and then moving the cargo of peat. We fitted a device to the keel from which the torpedoes could be hung on wires. We then sailed to North Scotland to conduct trial runs with the Chariots.

When we arrived, we were proud to learn that the great battleship *Nelson* was to serve as our dummy target during the trials.

We were delighted to be playing the star part in a drama in which the *Nelson* was a mere member of the chorus. We spent a week practicing towing the Chariots and in making mock attacks on the *Nelson*. Everyone was pleased with results. We all hoped the *Tirpitz* would not be more difficult.

We had samples of various German passes, but to be safe, we asked the British secret agent in Trondheim to find exactly the ones we would need. He found that we needed a fishing permit, a certified crew list, the usual registration papers, and a certificate stamped and signed by all the German harbor masters of the ports we were supposed to have called at in the last three months.

Each of the crew had to have an identity card and a permit to be in the Trondheim defense zone. All these were made out under fictitious names, with a borrowed name for the *Arthur*. The certificate showing ports of call was a more tedious job. A large number of false rubber stamps had to be made and many signatures forged. Finally, all the forged papers had to be dirtied. I knew of no better way of "processing" them than by carrying them around in my trousers pocket for a time.

Everything British on the boat was removed. Every oil drum and tool was checked to make sure it was of Norwegian make. Even the light fixtures were changed. The crew was outfitted with Norwegian clothes. The antiaircraft guns for the sea passage were mounted so that we could throw them overboard on entering the fjord. We also planned to get rid of the radio once we were in the German defense zone.

We mounted the Chariots on chocks on deck. We had a bit of luck when a new Norwegian refugee turned up just before sailing time. From her we were able to get current Norwegian magazines and newspapers, Norwegian black bread, butter, and German ersatz coffee. With these stage props we felt doubly secure.

The escape plans we left to our agent in Trondheim. He came over to Scotland to explain them to us. After the attack on the *Tirpitz*, the British crews were to land from their Chariots on a certain stretch of the south shore of the fjord. Here a road ran parallel to the sea. Members of the agent's organization would patrol the road and have a car waiting to take the Chariots' crews on a dash to the Swedish border, 120 miles away. With luck, they would be far away before the time fuses exploded and set the district in an uproar. If this failed, the British sailors had rucksacks with enough food and water to see them through on foot to the frontier. The Norwegian crew on the *Arthur* would have to sink her and make their way with the remaining two British sailors to

shore, where other cars would be waiting. I was not to go with the expedition. I took leave of my crews with an emotion I was careful to conceal.

Last-minute reconnaissance by a Spitfire plane showed the *Tirpitz* in her usual place. Except for a high sea, the crossing was peaceful enough. The fjord was too dangerous to enter at night. At the first crack of dawn, our boats slipped in unnoticed by the German-manned lighthouse at the mouth of the fjord. The first hurdle was past.

The crew anchored in a quiet bay, took the tarpaulins off the Chariots, and found that no damage had been done.

Soon after the Chariots were uncovered, the lookout reported a plane. The torpedoes were hastily covered, and the crew tried to look nonchalant. The plane flew over very low, circled, and came back for another close look. For the rest of the morning, the crew was interrupted so often by aircraft that they had to delay fastening the Chariots to the keel.

To make matters worse, several fishermen appeared and asked all kinds of embarrassing questions about the strange objects. It was hard to convince them that the Chariots were a new kind of fishing device. However, the crews learned that the Germans were on special alert here because an English boat had got through in the spring. This explained the unusual number of low-flying aircraft. The *Arthur* had actually passed through a prohibited area the night before, but fortunately had not been spotted.

After the planes disappeared, the Chariots were hoisted overboard and fastened to the eye-hooks under the keel. The water was too shallow to permit them to hang down in their natural position, and they could be easily seen by anybody coming around. The plans called for sailing up the fjord by night. But the weather was threatening, and Larsen made a typical daring decision to go ahead in broad daylight. During the morning the crew listened to the last of the radio messages we had been sending, giving latest reconnaissance reports from our aircraft over the *Tirpitz*. Then they threw the radio overboard and steamed ahead at full speed, with the Chariots in tow. Many merchant ships passed them, but they were able to give these a wide berth so that the suspicious trailing wires would not be seen. Even the wash of these ships might have fatally damaged the Chariots.

None of the British crew had ever seen Norway before. Whenever there was no shipping near they came on deck and watched the snow-covered mountains and the wooded valley slipping past. It was a beautiful scene, peaceful by nature, but now full of human menace.

At evening they came to a village where the agent had told us there was a reliable shopkeeper who could give the latest news about the control system. They dropped anchor, and Larsen went ashore in the small boat. He found the shop without trouble. Our secret agent had arranged a password. Larsen was to ask, "Do you need any peat?" The shopkeeper was supposed to answer No, and mention the name of the agent. After a little conversation, Larsen put his question.

"Yes!" the shopkeeper said with enthusiasm, "I certainly do need some! In fact, I'll take all you've got."

For a moment Larsen saw disaster looming, but something assured him that he had got the right man.

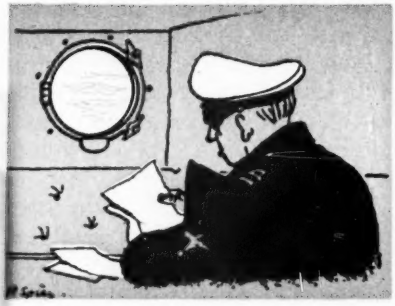
"I can't give you so much," Larsen said, "the cargo belongs to So-and-so," naming the agent. The shopkeeper finally caught on, much to Larsen's relief.

The shopkeeper took Larsen into his back room and told him every detail of the control on the fjord. His only criticism of the passes Larsen was carrying was that there might be too many. He advised Larsen to produce only his fishing license to begin with, so as not to arouse suspicion by being too eager to please. He also told Larsen the exact route through the mine fields.

The engine had been running badly ever since they had entered the fjord. It began to look as if it might fail them in this last 50 miles to the *Tirpitz*. There was nothing to do but to take the head off its one cylinder to see what was wrong. The piston was cracked half across the top. The edges had begun to burn away, leaving an opening straight down to the crankcase! They had stopped the engine just in time. No engineer in his right mind would attempt repairs on this piston under normal circumstances. But during the night Bjornoy was able to fit a copper patch to the domed top of the piston. The engine now ran all right, but nobody could be sure it wouldn't come apart at any moment and blow the head off the whole project.

As they approached the German naval control point at the mouth of the fjord, the last traces of British use were thrown overboard. The British crew went into the false bulkhead, and the secret door in the engine room was shut and the switchboard closed over it.

The Norwegians tried to act like innocent fishermen. As they passed the mine fields they steamed very close to a patrolling armed trawler. The German ship took no notice, which showed they looked all right from the outside. They spotted the examination vessel as soon as they entered the inner fjord. There was only one. Two other boats were ahead of them. The *Arthur's* crew watched them go alongside, wait there for a few moments, then car-



ry on ahead towards Trondheim.

When their turn came, Larsen went on deck with the passes in his pocket. There were several German sailors standing at the rail of the control vessel. Bjornoy had to let the boat lose speed gradually, so that the Chariots would not overrun their wires and break surface ahead. The water was crystal clear when they stopped, and the Germans could have plainly seen the Chariots, had they looked down.

A German naval lieutenant jumped aboard. Larsen offered the fishing license and the consignment note for the peat to the officer, who only stood and looked closely around the deck and then made for the after cabin. There he sat at the table and opened a briefcase full of papers. Larsen handed him the fishing permit.

"Your crew list, please," said the German.

Larsen gave him the crew list and the registration papers. The officer examined them carefully. The German specially noticed one forged signature on the papers.

"Ah," he said, "this is an old friend of mine. I used to know him well in Bremen. I didn't know he was in Alesund." Larsen looked quickly at the document to see if it really had an Alesund stamp. It had, but he only said Yes, without any interest. He feared friendly conversation more than anything. The German only glanced at the crew list and the other documents which we had prepared with such pains. He looked over all the passes again, to make sure nothing was missing. He reached in his dispatch case and pulled out the all-important pass that would take them to Trondheim. He filled in name, number, and tonnage of the boat.

"Cargo?" he asked.

"Peat," Larsen answered. The German wrote the word on the pass.

"Any radio?"

"No."

"Any cameras?"

"No, none."

The German looked at the pass again. Then he signed it. He had been in the cabin half an hour. The crew on deck had expected shooting to break out down below any minute. The German did not even glance at the peat, but handed the pass to Larsen and motioned him to go on. The crew held their breath as they got under way until the wake again obscured the Chariots.

Excitement grew as they sailed up the inner fjord. The place was

crowded with shipping, and German planes were flying in and out constantly. A destroyer passed them, but paid no attention. There was nothing now between them and the *Tirpitz* but 50 miles of fjord and the torpedo nets.

At first the weather was fine and the sea calm. But clouds began to move in quickly from the northeast, and a cold, gusty wind blew up. Soon after dark they found themselves pitching in a steep short sea which gave the boat a jerking motion. As they rose to a crest they could feel the tug of the towing wires on the keel. At the next crest the sharp tug was repeated. Then something hit the propeller. At once the boat's motion eased, and they knew that they had lost the Chariots.

In despair they cruised up and down the fjord at slow speed. One of the divers went down in the slender hope that one of the Chariots might still be there. He found nothing. The sea was so bad that Larsen persuaded him to wait until they got into calmer water. There the diver went down again. He found both wires hanging from the keel. One of them still had the towing lug wrenched from the nose of one of the Chariots, but both torpedoes were gone. They were now only five miles from the *Tirpitz,* an easy range for a Chariot. But their weapons were sunk beyond retrieving, and there was nothing whatever they could do.

Worse yet, they were now in appalling danger. The wind was blowing off shore, and it looked impossible to land a boat on the stretch of shore where the agent's car was waiting. The small boat would hold no more than six men. Even if they did make shore without disaster, they could never launch the boat again through the fierce breakers.

Larsen finally decided to land much farther north than planned, and to let them walk to Sweden without help from the agent. While the first party of five was making for the beach, the others bored holes in the bottom of the *Arthur* with augers and opened the sea cocks. They would split up into two parties of five, since ten men together would look suspicious. Before dawn they had a short sleep in the wood. They were in sight of a large lake. Larsen, Kalve, and three of the Englishmen skirted the lake to the south, and Bjornoy, Strand, and the other three went to the north. They guessed they were only about 60 miles from the Swedish frontier. They had to set out for Sweden in a very roundabout way, avoiding towns, houses, and open country.

The Norwegians were in civilian clothes. If taken, they could expect nothing but execution. The British were wearing battle dress under their submarine jackets. Larsen was used to escaping in comfort. For three days his group walked

by day and fed and slept well at farmhouses by night. By the fourth day they reached the foothills of the high land separating Norway from Sweden.

The nearer they got to Sweden the more suspect they were as refugees. Any policeman or soldier they met now would arrest them on sight. By nightfall they were tired out, wet through, and cold. One of the Englishmen, Robert Evans, was suffering from frostbitten feet. They stopped at a farm, but the farmer was suspicious and would not let them in. They came to a sharp bend in the road. They plodded wearily around it when they heard the word "Halt!" They were face to face with two armed policemen. One had a submachine gun and the other a revolver.

"Keep on moving," said the one with the revolver.

"Where to?" asked Larsen, to stall him.

"Never mind. Just keep on," the man ordered. Obviously, they were to be shot in the back.

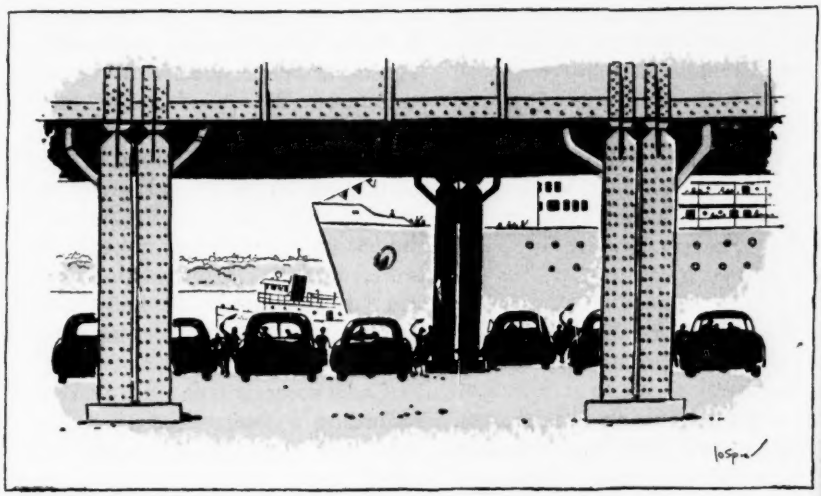
"Draw your gun," Larsen said in English to the man beside him. At the same moment Kalve told the other two Englishmen to shoot. They and the police all opened fire at the same time at point blank range. Everyone scattered.

A few minutes later Larsen and two Englishmen met at the far side of a field. One of them had seen Kalve farther off, running. The other said that the third Englishman, Evans, had been hit and had fallen in the road. None knew if he was killed or wounded, but they decided reluctantly there was nothing they could do to help him. They could never get an injured man across the frontier.

The whole district was aroused by the shooting. The three walked on, and before dawn came to a stone marking the Swedish border. They walked eagerly into the Swedish frontier post. Kalve arrived a little later. Bjornoy and his party crossed without trouble farther north. Bjornoy had lost several toes to frostbite, but all the men came through alive. After some delays in Sweden the four Norwegians were flown back to England and rejoined us at Shetland.

Larsen was awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry medal. Evans had been taken. The Germans put him in a hospital and he recovered his health. He was later executed, despite the fact that he was a British sailor in uniform carrying out legitimate action against the enemy. His murder was among the crimes with which Admiral Doenitz, then commanding in Norway, was charged at Nuremberg.

WHEN kids get on the wrong track, it's time for parents to pull the switches.
Fifth Wheel (Indiana Motor Truck association).



Pilgrimage for Peace

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

WHEN the *S. S. Constitution,* decorated from stem to stern with fluttering pennants, steamed out of New York harbor on a beautiful spring day this year, she was not merely beginning a cruise, in the usual sense of the word.

Not that any of the customary attractions for such planned voyages were lacking aboard: there were movies, horse races, deck parties, bridge tournaments, lectures and dancing. But it was the improvised chapel, rather than any other public room, which was the focal point of attention; and the prevailing atmosphere of the whole great ship was one of dedication and devotion. For its passengers were primarily pilgrims and not pleasure seekers; and they were starting out, under the personal direction of Cardinal Spellman, on a journey in which peace was the keynote and whose main objective was the 35th International Eucharistic congress at Barcelona.

The first few days on the open sea were extremely rough, and it did not seem as if the elements were contributing much to the cause. The stone angels whose arms encircled the holy-water basins were lashed to supporting pillars,

and even the tabernacle was firmly secured; but the tranquil order of worship remained unaffected.

From early morning until late evening, Masses, meditations, holy hours, and benedictions followed each other in serene succession; and the chapel was also in constant use, between these offices, by the many who wished to retire there for private prayers. Moreover, confessionals had been erected beside both entrances and priests were always accessible.

But it was not only here that the pilgrims came into close touch with their spiritual leaders. Obviously, there was a definite design on the part of the latter to promote mutual understanding, mutual good will and mutual purpose, and every possible opportunity for furthering such feelings was provided. Cardinal Spellman and Archbishop O'Hara in turn presided at a large central table in the dining room, and the pilgrims, also in turn, were invited to be their guests.

When we stopped at Lisbon sad tidings awaited the cardinal. One of his sisters had suddenly died. He took the afternoon plane back to Boston, to attend her funeral, promising to rejoin his pilgrims by the time they reached Barcelona.

Why the mainland of Portugal and its outlying islands of the Azores and Madeira have been so generally overlooked by the average tourist has long been a mystery to me, for more delightful lands I have never visited and more agreeable people I have never encountered. But "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; I do not doubt that as time goes on more and more pilgrims to the shrine of Fatima will linger in the land so greatly favored by our Lady, and thus lead the way toward a wider knowledge of its many other claims to recognition.

Cadiz came next in our itinerary, affording a choice between a hurried visit to Seville or a more leisurely one to the port which "seems to rise up out of the sea, a white city of watch towers, *miradores,* a city of the East almost, full of a strange sweetness and refreshment." I chose the latter, both for my own sake and that of my two companions, a young granddaughter and a young secretary, who are making their first trip to Spain, while I am making my fourth.

It is not, in my opinion, a country to be seen hurriedly, if this can possibly be avoided and, in our case, happily it can; and I wanted my charges to begin their acquaintance with it by seeing the superb altarpiece of the Church of the Capuchins, which was Murillo's last picture. Indeed, he fell from the scaffolding before it was quite finished, and his pupils completed the painting. This has never seemed like a tragedy to me, but a glorious way to die, with the tools

of one's trade still in one's hands, creative to the very last; and probably my feeling about this has something to do with my feeling about the picture and with my desire to share both.

The conveyance which we secured for this excursion was really a museum piece. It far antedated self-starters and streamlining, and the fact that the windows could not be opened was of little consequence, since all the doors were so badly sprung that fresh air had free access to its interior. The various sounds it made must have proclaimed its approach a block away. However, its driver, José, who was also its proud possessor, far from being disturbed by its antiquity, regarded this with a certain satisfaction.

"Does the *señora* have a car?" he inquired.

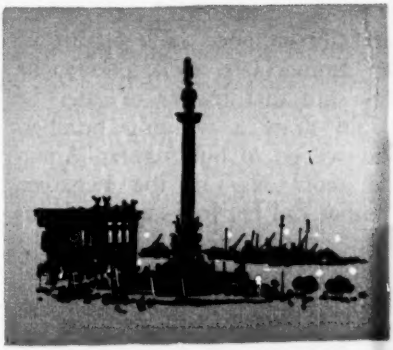
I told him that I did and that I had brought it to Spain with me, but that it could not be taken out of the hold until we reached Barcelona.

"Who drives it?" José next demanded.

"The *señorita,*" I said, indicating my secretary. "She is an excellent driver."

"She could not drive this car," José announced triumphantly. "No one but myself can drive it. No one else really understands its ways."

I thought this highly probable. During our day at Saõ Miguel, we had felt some concern for our safety and that of the welcoming children drawn up along the roadside, because our driver kept coasting down circuitous highways at headlong speed with the ignition turned off; now we could not help wondering whether the ancient car would hold together until we could rejoin the ship.



However, our anxiety was unjustified. José proceeded over the flat country at a moderate pace, and took pains to point out such interesting sights as the piles of salt drained from the surrounding marshes, and the exceptionally fine grillwork on the long windows of the houses in the little towns through which we passed, grillwork which, until very recently, served as the barrier between a suitor and the object of his affections.

Finding us responsive to information, José became more and more conversational. Did we play the lotteries, he wanted to know. On receiving a negative answer,

he produced his own lottery ticket, carefully wrapped in a picture of the Immaculate Conception; he was sure that sooner or later he would draw a winning number. Did we go to bull fights? Again the reply was in the negative. Neither did he, José answered this time, in fact, his father was the local president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; his great passion, however, was *futbol* (football).

Were we really Catholics? He had been given to understand that there were none, or practically none, in the U.S. Upon being informed that there were more than in Spain, his astonishment knew no bounds.

Well then, at what age did North American children make their First Holy Communion? Very young now, much younger than formerly, I told him. In Cadiz, it was still around nine or ten, and you never know, by looking at them, which of the little girls came from poor families and which from rich ones; their veils would be just the same. Now when José's eldest daughter, Conceptión, had made her First Holy Communion, he had paid for her veil on the installment plan, over a period of five months. But *señora,* it was of a beauty . . . !

THE coastal voyage from Cadiz to Barcelona is only a matter of hours; so the morning after we had left the one we had arrived at the other. Barcelona is, actually, a very ancient city, so ancient, indeed, that there is a legend to the effect that the near-by mountain of Tibidabo (I will give Thee) derives its name from the fact that it is the elevation where Christ was tempted by the devil! This, of course, is mere fantasy.

But it is no legend that Columbus came here on his return from the Indies to make his report to his sovereigns, or that the Order of the Golden Fleece was inaugurated in the shadowy and splendid cathedral. However, despite its many monuments of great historic importance and great architectural beauty, its growth in modern times has been called the Chicago of the Iberian peninsula, but this time I was conscious of no such similarity. Strung across every street, from housetop to housetop, fluttered the red-and-yellow banners of Spain, mingling with the yellow-and-white banners of the congress; and at every convenient point were clustered the flags of all the nations participating in the congress. From the balconies hung tapestries, brocades, lengths of crimson velvet.

Beneath the dazzling blue of the sky, in the sparkling sunshine, the vividness of all these colors seemed intensified; and as the long, late twilight set in, the city slowly took on a new radiance. One by one the crosses which everywhere adorned

it began to glow; one by one the ornamental chalices brightened into beauty. The avenues became long lustrous channels, the fountains and façades luminous. When night finally enveloped the city, it was night so permeated with brilliance that it did not seem like night at all.

This time the very elements were kindly. From the beginning to the end of the congress, one glorious day succeeded another, and a star-spangled moonlit night came after each. Moreover, the settings selected for the functions and ceremonies of the congress provided an atmosphere wholly in harmony with the beauties of nature.

The general sessions met in the *paraninfo* of the university, an assembly hall of majestic proportions and magnificent arabesques; and the entrance to the beautiful building where this is located invited the visitor to linger in the verdant cloisters, with their long cool colonnades, before ascending the grand staircase to the meeting place.

A miracle play by the great dramatist, Calderón de la Barca, was enacted every other night on the esplanade of the Holy Family church, with every part of its rear, from its turrets to its crypt, utilized as a glorified background.

The monumental square which separates the Avenida Reina Maria Cristina was the scene of the great mass meetings, semisecular in character, such as the one in which employers and employees, as a group, and the army, in a body, foregathered to render homage to Jesus Christ and to the Holy Eucharist. The massive altar, surmounted by the towering cross which, at night, was the most luminous of all, erected in the Plaza de Pio XII, was the rallying point for the holy hour which preceded the midnight Communion Masses, for the solemn pontifical Mass offered for the pacification of the world, and for the crowning celebration at which the papal legate officiated and which brought the congress to an end.

The inaugural ceremony of the congress and the solemn reception of the papal legate, Cardinal Tedeschini, were followed by a vigil of prayer in the Church of the Sacred Heart which lasted all night. After that, each day's program was consecrated to some special aspect of peace in connection with the Eucharist: personal and family peace, social peace, international peace, the peace and unity of the Church.

On the day of family peace, the children of Barcelona, who had made their First Communion during the current year, went, appropriately enough, to the Church of the Holy Family to receive Communion, accompanied by their relatives; later they foregathered in the Plaza de Pio XII to pray for the peace of the world.

On the day of social peace was

the vast meeting of employers and their employees, together with special representatives of similar groups from abroad. On the day of international peace, there was Communion for the sick, both in hospitals and private homes throughout the city, and a solemn high Mass offered for the pacification of the world and for those suffering persecution in the "Silent Church"; also a special ceremony at which representatives from the different countries all read a prayer for peace in their own native languages. And on the day of ecclesiastical peace and unity, more than 800 deacons were simultaneously ordained as priests in the Montjuich Stadium, at a hundred temporary altars.

I REALIZE that such an outline, which cannot pretend to be comprehensive, hardly more than indicates the general trends of the congress; but it is impossible, in a brief report, to so much as list all the Masses and meetings which took place—and, indeed, I think the result of such an attempt would be confusing rather than illuminating. However, I do want to record in more detail the three events which, from my personal point of view, were outstanding, and each of which was entirely different in character.

The first of these was the mass meeting of employers and employees I have mentioned before, at which their representatives "chosen for merits achieved in the social order . . . read the Act of Consecration to Jesus Christ Present in the Eucharist." I witnessed this ceremony from a stand very close to the platform, dominated by an altar, where leaders of each group were seated, together with the minister of labor, Señor Giron, and various eminent sociologists and churchmen.

Workmen from every section of Spain mounted this platform in orderly succession, bearing with them objects of their own making which, in one way or another, were related to the Eucharist. These offerings had previously been spread out on long tables in an enclosure which separated the great platform from the multitudes thronging the square, and in full view of everyone within a large range of vision; they had also been enumerated, with due credit to the origin of each, over the loud-speakers. These included chalices, crucifixes, monstrances and tabernacles, some of great magnificence and intricacy of design, others very simple; likewise vestments and altar cloths of fine linen, delicately embroidered and trimmed with handmade lace.

Zaragossa, unquestionably, had sent the most lavish and variegated gifts, and this is easy to understand, for its shrine and its splendor make it a natural source of ecclesiastical treasure; but there was no locality in Spain so remote or

so poor that it had not sent something lovely and suitable for the service of God. I was both intrigued and touched to see that the offering from Cadiz took the form of a cask. And why not? It represents all that is most precious in the product of that countryside and it is a natural receptacle for wine.

One by one came the artisans, bearing their gifts in a manner that bespoke both their personal humbleness and their pride in the work for which they were best fitted. One by one these gifts were accepted in behalf of the proper authorities.

It was a ceremony of such beauty and such significance that I do not see how anyone, conscious of its full symbolism, could possibly have watched it unmoved. I was not surprised when a priest who had been one of our fellow passengers told me, with tears in his eyes, that if he had seen or done nothing else in the course of the congress, attendance at this one assembly would have made the pilgrimage worth while for him.

The second event which was outstanding, from my personal point of view, was the ceremony which took place in the auditorium of the Palace of Music, under the auspices of several important cultural groups, at which announcements were made of the winners in an international poetry competition and prizes awarded for "poetical exaltation of the Eucharist."

Cardinal Spellman presided and made the opening speech, in excellent Spanish, as he made all his speeches. He was seated at the center of the stage, between Cardinal Gelier, Archbishop of Lyons, and Cardinal Caggiano, Archbishop of Rosario de Santa Fé, in a group which also included several bishops, the minister of education, Señor Ruiz Giminez, and a number of other high-ranking officials, both lay and clerical.

At the left of the stage, headed by Don José Murillo Peman, president of the Spanish Royal academy, was the jury which had passed upon the poems submitted in the competition; and when Cardinal Spellman had completed his remarks, Señor Millas Vallicrosa, the secretary of the jury, announced the winners and, in the cases where the recipients of prizes were present, summoned them to the stage, so that they might receive their awards in person from the hands of Cardinal Spellman and recite selections from their works.

These were all enthusiastically greeted by the audience; but next to the winner of the first prize, which took the form of a golden sheaf and was awarded to Señor Guillermo Diaz-Plaja of Barcelona, the greatest round of applause went to a diminutive Chinese, who recited his prize-winning poem in his native language.

Meanwhile, at the extreme right of the stage, sat a frail old gentle-

man, quite alone. He did not move from his seat at all, and the physical infirmities natural to extreme age were very obvious. Nevertheless, he did not need the broad red ribbon which crossed his chest to proclaim his distinction. This, too, was obvious; his very fragility seemed to emanate spirituality, as if the vigor of youth, in departing, had left a rarer element behind it. When Cardinal Spellman announced that the main address of the morning would be made by the poet who, above all others living, had glorified Catholic literature, Paul Claudel, the entire audience rose to acclaim him.

AT THE END of this discourse, Cardinal Gelier hastened to the central microphone and, in his native language, made a ringing extemporaneous speech, "as a French churchman who loves Spain and also one who cannot refrain from hailing his own countryman." Again the applause resounded to the very roof. Then at last Claudel rose and tottered toward his friend; but before Claudel could stoop to kiss the episcopal ring, Gelier put both arms around him and kissed him on both cheeks.

Previously, Cardinal Gelier had expressed the hope that Claudel's speech might be translated into many languages, so that it could not only be more clearly understood by everyone who had heard it that day, but also "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested" all over the world. Wholeheartedly, I echo this hope and, if it is fulfilled, I shall place my own copy among my greatest literary treasures and distribute it as widely as possible among my friends. Meanwhile, I feel that two statements from it should be quoted here and now.

At the beginning of his speech, Claudel declared that when he was summoned to Rome, by the Pope, during Holy Year, he felt he must go despite his age; when he was summoned to this Eucharistic congress in Barcelona, two years later still, he felt this an even more urgent requirement because the second celebration was the natural sequel to the first. Then, at the very end of his speech, he asked his hearers to remember that the supreme meaning of the Eucharist is not that we are led toward Christ, when we partake of it, but that He comes to us.

Throughout the congress, I too, had the feeling that it was the natural outcome of Holy Year, that without the tremendous impetus given by this to fellowship and faith, an International Eucharistic congress might not have taken place so soon and that almost certainly it would not have brought a million people, from all parts of the globe, into a single Spanish city at the same time, all with one purpose and one prayer.

I am grateful to Paul Claudel, whom I knew as a great diplomat

before I knew him as a great poet and a great Catholic, for putting that conviction into words of which I myself would never have been capable; and I am more grateful still for that final message, through which he brought to the forefront of my consciousness the Saviour's own promise: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

THE third outstanding event of the congress, from my personal point of view, was the solemn procession with which it ended; and in a way, it was the manner in which I saw it, almost as much as the procession itself, that meant so much to me. In view of the disability which makes much standing and much walking out of the question, I had been somewhat concerned about a vantage point from which to view the procession.

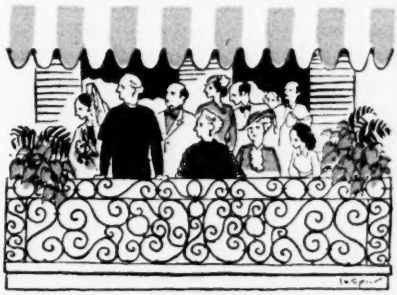
This concern was allayed by Edouardo, the *mecánico* who had been sent to the ship to put my car into commission, since of course the battery had been disconnected and the gasoline tank drained before the transatlantic crossing. After bringing it to the hotel, he had lingered on in such eager and earnest expectation of being entrusted with it throughout the congress, that I simply did not have the heart to tell him it had not been part of my plan to engage a Spanish chauffeur.

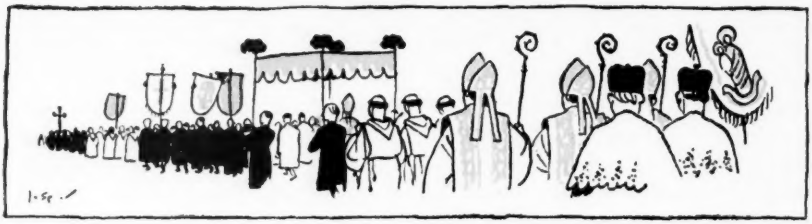
But this somewhat emotional attitude had been quickly displaced by the realization that efficiency and resourcefulness were also an integral part of Edouardo's equipment, and that I myself could function much more capably with him than without him.

"I have found a *balcón* for the *señora,* from which she can view the procession most pleasurably," Edouardo announced, with pride. "It leads out of a large apartment in a building where the *portero* is my friend. I told my friend the *señora* required a *balcón* and he spoke to another *señora,* the one who occupies this apartment. She would be very pleased to have the *señora* and the two *señoritas* and a few of their North American friends come to view the procession from her *balcón.*"

"But Edouardo, I do not know this *señora!* I cannot impose on her."

"I assure the *señora* that it would not be an imposition. The *señora* who has the *balcón* would be very pleased to have her pass by, some time this afternoon, to see if it





would be found suitable by her."

I have heard people talk about living for long periods in various Latin countries without ever receiving an invitation to a private house. I am happy to say that this has not been my experience. However, the hospitality which I have enjoyed has hitherto been the result, either of official introductions or of mutual acquaintance; never before has a total stranger issued an invitation for a coveted privilege through such intermediaries as a *mecánico,* who had been in my employ less than a week, and a *portero,* who had never even seen me.

Hesitantly, indeed almost apologetically, I accepted the invitation to call. I was ushered without the slightest delay into a beautiful apartment and cordially received, not only by the *señora* with the *balcón,"* but by her husband, her uncle (a priest from Burgos), and her two house guests, a retired general and his wife. Their one concern seemed to be lest the *balcón* might not suit me. The moment I saw it I knew that Edouardo had been right: it was undoubtedly in the best possible position from which to view the procession.

Still bewildered, I asked rather falteringly if there were anything I could do to show my appreciation. (It is not safe, in Spain, as it is in most other European countries, to offer payment for value received in cash or even in kind, without being very sure of one's ground. I have known poor peasants, on an isolated countryside, who could have demanded anything for their services, indignantly to refuse money after helping to change a tire, but to accept a cigarette with obvious pleasure. In other words, an exchange of courtesies is right and proper.)

Candidly, but without the least urgency, I was told that this delightful group of Spaniards would like very much to see the *Constitution,* and an agreement was reached to visit it at a certain hour the following day. When we arrived there, a pleasant informal party was in progress at the Lido club, and quite without prearrangement we were all instantly included in it.

This gesture was greatly appreci-

ated by my new-found Spanish friends and, by the time the party and the tour of inspection were over, the invitation to view the procession from the *balcón* had been enlarged to take in as many of the *peregrinos* on the *Constitution* as could conveniently join us. Certainly, there was enough room. Other members of the family had balconies in the same apartment house. All were at our disposal.

UNFORTUNATELY, none of our fellow passengers who were going on to Rome were able to avail themselves of this invitation in its entirety: the official starting time of the procession had been set two hours later, with very little warning; and, as in the case of every other ceremony, the actual starting time was later still. It was impossible to change the ship's schedule to meet this delay.

However, I am sure that the five friends who went with us to the apartment were there long enough to get an impression of Spanish home life which will be lovely and lasting: the easy coming and going of old and young, the harmony between generations, the cordiality among grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces and cousins on both sides of the family, the ready acceptance of various friends.

Pitchers of fruit punch and almond water and large platters of sandwiches were set out on the dining-room table, which had been shoved into one corner to make extra room as more and more guests appeared; we were all urged to help ourselves, at will and without formality, and we all did. Hampers filled with carnations were also set before us so that, at the proper time, we could toss them from the balcony. Over and over again was repeated that charming salutation, *'Esta es su casa"* ("This is your house"). It did not seem like a mere figure of speech.

Much of the procession's ceremonial formation took place beneath our *balcón*. Tardily and slowly it got under way. But it was worth waiting for: the long lines of secular priests, the shorter but still impressive files of Dominicans, Benedictines, Franciscans, and other Religious Orders, the tiny, pitiful groups, made up of both clergy and laity, which bore the banners of Free China and the Ukraine and other sections of the persecuted Church behind the Iron Curtain. Then came the lay organizations, the patriarchs of the East, the bishops, the archbishops, and lastly, followed by the cardinals, the float on which the papal legate knelt before the great golden monstrance brought from Toledo.

Inevitably, we will return home the richer for the experience; but there is an old saying that he who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take his wealth to the Indies with him. God willing, we will do our share.

The Cross of Lorraine

A centuries old symbol can serve again today as an inspiration to Christians of the Western World

By JACQUELINE RETHORÉ

Jacqueline Rethoré is the wife of Gen. Jean Rethoré of the French delegation to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

WHILE I was visiting in New York last year, I went to see the famous Cloisters* for the first time. The Cloisters, part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is perhaps the world's finest treasury of medieval art.

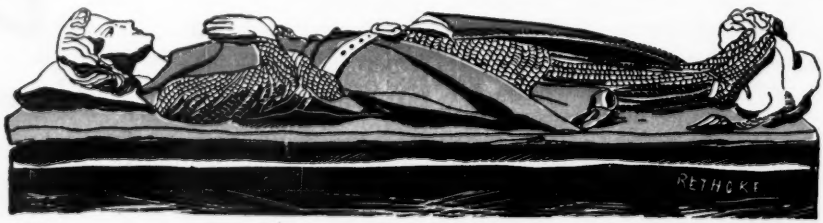
When I entered one of the chapels I saw, stretched before me on a tomb, a recumbent statue of a crusader, Jean d' Alluye. For many years in my own country I had been a student of medieval sculpture. I thought I had seen all the finest examples of it in France, but this was the most beautiful *gisant* I had ever seen. I thought it all the more strange and wonderful that I should discover it in the Cloisters in America.

You can read something about Jean d' Alluye in the catalogue put out by the Cloisters. He brought to France a famous relic of the true cross of Christ. What the catalogue of the Cloisters doesn't tell is the story of the relic, which is still in France. Its history has a depth of meaning for both France and the U.S.

The relic is in the shape of a cross with a double bar. This is the famous cross of Lorraine, symbol of the French resistance in the 2nd World War. All French hopes for a free world during the war were concentrated in that symbol.

When St. Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine, found the true cross in Jerusalem she sent 12 small relics of it to the chief Chris-

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Aug. '51, page 46.



tian princess and archbishops of the Roman empire. The 12 relics were in the shape of the cross on which Christ was crucified, with a second bar added above the central cross bar. This second bar was, according to the best authorities, simply a lengthening of the piece of wood on which had been written I N R I (Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews).



In the 13th century, 1,000 years after St. Helena, one of the remaining crosses was owned by Thomas, Bishop of Hierapetra on the island of Crete. The Turks had overrun the Christian world and were besieging Crete. Jean d' Alluye, famous knight and true crusader, took command of the struggle for the defense of the island. In a series of reckless exploits he put the Turks to flight and saved the life of Bishop Thomas.

When the siege had been lifted, Bishop Thomas gave to Jean d' Alluye his most precious possession, the relic of the true cross. Bishop Thomas had been given the relic by Gervais, the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, who had received it in turn from Emmanuel Comnenus, Emperor of Byzantium.

Jean d' Alluye had returned to France in triumph. He carried the relic of the cross with him. Of St. Helena's 12 crosses only two, I have been told, have come down intact to our own day; one in Hungary, and the cross of Jean d' Alluye. There are other important relics of the cross in Rome and Belgium but none is of the size, 11 inches long, of Jean d' Alluyes'. I examined it with care in the Hospital for Incurables at Baugé, where it has been since 1790.

In France near the end of the 13th century the simple cross of Jean d' Alluye was framed in gold and mounted on a plain gold foot that resembles the base of a chalice. Clusters of pearls and precious stones were set like garlands at the six ends of the cross. A figure of the dead Christ was added. Above Christ's head on the upper cross bar is a descending dove framed in a circle of lovely stones. Jean d' Alluye gave the relic to the monks of La Boissière abbey in Anjou in May, 1244. The relic was highly venerated by the dukes of Anjou. In times of danger or sickness they took it to the chapel of their Anjou castle. Each time it was brought back to La Boissière with special pomp and ceremony. All these events are reported at length in the ancient documents kept with the cross.

How the cross of Anjou became the cross of Lorraine is, from this point on, a complicated story of royal marriages. When René the Second, grandson of the Duke of Anjou and himself the Duke of Lorraine, won the great battle of Nancy in 1477, he went into the

fight with the double-barred cross on all his flags and pennons. From this time forward the double-barred cross became everywhere identified with Lorraine.

By the treaty of Sedan, which ended the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, part of Lorraine was ceded to Germany. To mark the injustice, a broken Lorraine cross was placed in the great shrine of Notre Dame de Sion on Vaudémont hill. The broken cross bore this inscription, "It is not forever." German officers laughed at the boast, but their laughter ended with the defeat of 1918.

The broken cross in Notre Dame de Sion was repaired. A palm leaf was put over the crack that marked the restoration and the inscription on the cross was altered to read "It was not forever."

A link between the cross of Lorraine and the U.S. was forged when an American division in 1918 adopted the double-barred cross as its insignia. After the debacle of 1940 when General de Gaulle was looking for a symbol of resistance and faith in eventual freedom he chose the cross of Lorraine.

Once more the nations are united in a new crusade to keep the Christian world free. Understanding between the nations is not easily achieved. But the noble form of Jean d' Alluye sleeping in the Cloisters is a living sign of our unity and common destiny. For 600 years his graven face and his double-barred cross have told a story of hope and triumph.

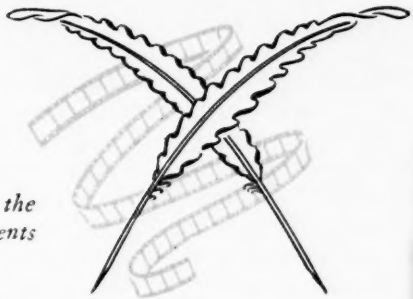
One of my friends, a French air-force hero's widow, told me in France in 1941, "As strong as my faith in God is my faith in American help to defeat Hitler's tyranny." She was from Lorraine and she knew that "it was not forever." I too am from Lorraine, and from Anjou, and I believe in the symbol that the stone knight in the Cloisters represents.

Do you understand now why I knelt in the Cloisters?

In Your Spare Time

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Airlift for Learning



Soon the Vatican library will be at the fingertips of St. Louis university students

By L. G. WALMSLEY
Condensed from *De Volkskrant**

THE LEARNING of the ages is streaming across the Atlantic as plane after plane brings microfilms from the Vatican library to St. Louis university. Now, scholars in St. Louis, in darkened rooms behind 35mm projectors, can study the photographed texts which some Vatican student may be poring over at the same moment in the Sala Leonina in Rome.

Medieval patience required centuries to put together the world's great libraries, which modern warfare can smash in seconds. Yet the dangers of war are not the real reason for the task now being undertaken in the Vatican library, where treasures of the cultural world are being microfilmed. Books, to be of the greatest benefit to humanity, should be at the disposal of scholars all over the world. Yet no publishing house has an interest in medieval manuscripts.

In 1949, St. Louis university decided to institute a faculty of medieval studies. But the university president, Father Paul Reinert, S.J., found that there was no collection of material complete enough to give his students an adequate reference library. He had heard that the University of Michigan had photographed parts of the British museum collection of ancient volumes. He asked Vatican permission to microfilm everything the Vatican librarians thought worth student attention. He hardly expected that the Vatican would agree.

But the Vatican did. What decided the issue was the wish expressed by the founder of the Vatican library, Pope Nicolas V. "It is our desire" he had stated, "that these books be at the disposal of every scholar."

In February, 1952, the work began. In St. Louis, Father Bernard Dempsey was in charge of the project. In Rome, Father Lowrie Daly, S.J., organized the selection and filming of the first manuscripts.

Edward T. Freel, manager of the Remington Rand Corp., the com-

*N. Z. Voorburgwal 345 Amsterdam, The Netherlands. July 26, 1952. Copyright, 1952. Reprinted with permission.

pany which supplied the instruments, was the technical consultant. The Vatican's own photographic laboratories supplied assistants. They had to take projectable pictures of every book brought to them. Their film was the usual 35mm size, in lengths of 100 feet. On this film they could print some 800 folio pages, roughly the contents of two average Vatican-library tomes. Below the library, where the photographers have a laboratory, they had to set up an outsize developing tank, to develop many films at once.

The Vatican library was started in the Holy Year of 1450, on a little money offered by pilgrims. It was one small room, in which 1,500 books were collected. It was Nicolas V's intention that "every book in Latin and Greek" should be in the library. Today, 15½ miles of steel shelves house 60,000 codices, 7,000 incunabula, 700,000 printed books, and about 100,000 maps and prints of various kinds. Naturally, some works are of lesser worth than others and there is also some duplication, but even on the present estimate of one third being eliminated half a million books will pass in front of the camera.

Of the Latin alone, some 14,000 manuscripts must be handled, including such items as the palimpsest of Cicero's *De Republica* and the 4th-century Vatican Vergil. There is the *Codex Marchalianus,* a 6th-century vellum scroll of the Old Testament prophets, and there is the original manuscript of the *Summa Contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas Aquinas. In this section only works which date before 1622 have been counted.

Then there is the Greek collection, an example of which is the famous 4th-century *Codex B,* on which most of the biblical translations are based. The languages have risen from the original two to 16. They include such sections as 1,200 Arabic works, some of which have come to the Vatican within the last few years. There are also Armenian and Ethiopian works. The latter language is, in effect, a four-language language, in which the priests of the Coptic Church have for centuries taught four different Ethiopian racial groups.

Of the collections which the Vatican has acquired through the years, one of the most interesting is that of the Dukes of Urbino. It contains a 15th-century breviary illuminated in Florence for Mathias Corbinus, the king of Hungary. It also contains a series of 16th-century *"avvisi,"* forerunners of the modern newspaper, written to keep Ulrich Fugger, a Augsburg banker, informed of what was going on throughout Italy and other places from which ships arrived.

It would have been preferable to have the illuminated manuscripts photographed in color. Still, St. Louis university's prime objective is scholarship. Thus, they have con-

centrated on black and white, partly to keep down the cost and partly because color process would take much longer. As it is, the original estimate for completion of the work has risen from 25 months to three years.

The original estimate of the cost was $125,000, perhaps the largest bill ever made for a job of photography. To meet this expense, the American Knights of Columbus set up a foundation endowment "for the preservation of historic documents of the Vatican Library," and wrote out a check for $140,000. A letter of thanks from the substitute secretary of state in the Vatican, Mgr. C. B. Montini, was read at the Knights' annual convention in Pittsburg.

In filming, the workers are following the cataloguing system already in use in the Vatican.

Even with the material and the machinery ready, the job began very slowly. The filming went ahead on the five machines provided but, at first, developing had to be done by hand. Then a large automatic multiple-developing tank was ordered. But the U.S. air force had taken over the factory which produced such equipment. Under rationing it would have been several years before the tank could be delivered. Eventually it was found that a Houston factory could make the tank.

Smaller difficulties were always cropping up. One minor headache was the supply of small lamps for the photographing process. A tiny lamp inside the camera unit illuminates the text to be photographed. This is to show an exact reproduction of the finished negative on a projection screen before the negative is made, a normal precaution for photographing manuscripts of varying sizes.

These small lamps soon burn out. A search for them throughout Rome lasted five days and produced nothing. There were none anywhere in Italy nor as far afield as England.

The makers wrote that the lamps were nothing other than the standard dashboard lights in American cars, obtainable anywhere. Yet it turned out that American car distributors in Italy were short of such spare parts. Father Daly visited used-car dealers in Rome and scraped together two dozen bulbs, at $1 each. The work went on.

Up to now the job has been confined to closed collections, those libraries which, at different times and in different ways, the Vatican has acquired complete. Collections to which volumes are still being added will follow later. Modern factory methods of time and motion study have had to be applied to the photography work, which is done by some eight or ten men. Only now has full production been reached, a maximum of some 800 codices a month, or two miles of photographs a week.

An illustrated presentation of facts about the holy shroud of Turin became

TV's Most Unusual Program

By FRANCIS L. FILAS, S.J.
Condensed from *America**

THIS is the story of a telecast last Good Friday from Chicago station WNBQ. The telecast was a half-hour presentation of the evidence that the holy shroud of Turin is the shroud in which Christ was entombed.

The original plan of putting the program on nationally was discarded. But, despite the limitation to a single station and a noon period when most of the people in the viewing area were at work or attending Good Friday services, 3,132 letters were received afterward. About 400 persons telephoned the station later in the day, requesting an evening showing or offering commendation.

The tone of the program had been deliberately chosen. The scientific evidence for the shroud was presented objectively, allowing the viewer to reach his own conclusions. Accuracy was especially emphasized because of the somewhat incomplete and misleading statements which had appeared in the press concerning the shroud. The program had no sermon, no church setting; it was an informal chat with a Catholic university priest-professor.

And then the mail poured in! It came from 197 communities within a 60-mile radius of Chicago. In the 21 counties within this arc, the census shows a population of 7 million people. A high percentage of these do not own television sets; and of those who do, most of them would be away from home on a Friday noon. Nonetheless, allowing 100 viewers for every one who requested the holy pictures which were offered on the program, the audience would have to be numbered at 300,000.

The response, moreover, was in no way the result of an organized campaign. No campaign had been organized. The distribution of the addresses according to the size of local populations showed this clearly enough. The daily tally of mail received indicated no "bulges" on its graph; instead, there was a relatively steady decline from day to day, with latecomers still straggling in three and even four weeks later.

The real revelation of the heart of mid-America came from the

*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. July 12, 1952. Copyright, 1952.

letters themselves. There existed, of course, no certain way of determining the relative percentages of Catholic and non-Catholic viewers. Generally, a letter to "the Reverend" asking for "bookmarks" seemed to indicate a non-Catholic source; and a reference to the "Father" who offered "holy pictures" more likely came from a Catholic. But the mail reflected a unity in love for Jesus which directly denies some of the more lurid pictures of Protestant-Catholic tensions. Not a single "crank note" was received.

According to the cataloguing of their contents, 65% of the requests added an explicit commendation of programs of this kind, and wanted more. More than 300 housewives asked for an evening repetition so that their husbands might be home to see it. Several Sunday-school teachers wished to know more about the shroud, in order to teach their classes more about the Passion and Resurrection of the Saviour.

Of course, it was the nature of the shroud pictures which made so deep an impression. One could hardly have been unmoved as the negative outlines of the relic faded into a new picture on the TV screen, giving a majestic portrait of the crucified "Man of the Shroud." For this reason, viewers repeatedly called this "the most fascinating subject we've ever seen on TV."

One correspondent said, referring to the speaker's conservative attitude in studying the evidence for the shroud, "Maybe *you* don't believe it, but *I* do. I saw it on my TV set!" We heard about six men who sat with their skeptical friend and watched him walk away—after, not during, the program—in thoughtful silence. On Good Friday evening, a little boy ran excitedly to meet his father in a Chicago restaurant, shouting for all to hear, "O daddy, I saw Jesus on television today! And His back was whipped like this, and the nails went here through the wrist like this!"

It was the letters from these little ones of Christ that were the most touching: "Please send me your pictures of Jesus." Or this appreciation of the essential goodness of God's creation, written in a boyish scrawl, "Dear Reverend: I would like to have the pictures of the shroud. I liked your show very much. The Lord created men to make the world a pleasure. Like TV. So I could see your show. Well, lots of luck. Your TV listener, Robert W."

Is the shroud of Turin actually the burial cloth of Jesus? In the words of Pius XI, it is "still an object of mystery."

But certainly, the shroud's ability to evoke deep faith in the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord was again demonstrated in this extraordinary telecast of Good Friday, 1952.

The Lights at Lourdes

Under the gathering clouds of war men of good will came to pray

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Condensed from *"All I Could Never Be"**

In Who's Who, *Mr. Nichols does not state a religious preference.*

I DECIDED in July, 1939, to have one last look at Europe. After the Anglo-Polish pact the war was as good as here. It needed no great knowledge of history to realize that Hitler would wait till the harvest was in. The fireworks would begin about the middle of September.

That gave me eight weeks. Where should I go? Vienna? No. It would be unbearable, with the swastikas hanging outside the Stefanskirche. Venice? Even in Venice, at this hour, the brass bands of fascist youth would probably be marching up and down the Piazza. Where was there? It is almost amusing to recall the dismay with which one asked that question in 1939, when by comparison with today, so large a proportion of Europe was still open to the traveler.

Then I thought to myself, "This is an hour when only a miracle can save the world. I will go to the city of miracles. I will go to Lourdes."

It was not till late in August that at last I found myself standing before the candlelit shrine of St. Bernadette. There was not much time to spare. But I thank God for the little time there was.

If all the world's leaders could have gone to Lourdes, in the dying fall of that last golden summer, I think there would have been no war. If they could have joined the vast throngs that had come from all over the world, and heard the songs of faith that rang through the city all night long, as the pilgrims marched to the central jewel of the grotto, it is inconceivable that their hands would not have stayed their swords.

Even before I had seen any miracle, even before the first night had fallen, I felt that this was a city in which anything might happen. I arrived at dawn.

After breakfast I went out to prowl around. At every moment my spirits mounted. For here was a city built, quite literally, on faith. It shone from every shop window, from every placard, in the most humdrum affairs of the community. Some people who go to

Copyright, 1950, by Beverley Nichols. From All I Could Never Be, *by Beverley Nichols; published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. 348 pp. $4.*

Lourdes are shocked by the "commercialism" of it all; they purse thin lips before the shops full of sacred novelties, and frown in disapproval at the comfortable hotels which have been built to accommodate the pilgrims. I do not share this disapproval; after all, wherever Jesus went, the innkeepers must have done a roaring business and the peddlers' trays must soon have been emptied.

There is something warm and comforting in those winding streets where in every shop there is an odor of sanctity. Even the confectioners paint their boxes of bonbons with scenes from the Nativity. When the children press their noses against the glass of the toyshops their rapturous gaze is fixed, not on dolls nor trains nor soldiers, but on tiny saints that bow and strut by clockwork. One such toy in particular delighted me: it was a singularly hideous group in papier mâché of St. Francis and the birds, and every few moments a mechanical device fluttered the wings of the largest bird while at the same time the eyes of St. Francis were illuminated with electric light.

To some this would be repulsive, to me it was engaging; it had the same appeal as the churches in Naples, where some old peasant woman will wander in to light a candle and say a prayer, followed by her cat, which rubs round her knees while she prays, and even licks its face at the feet of a statue.

Do miracles happen at Lourdes? It is difficult to see how any man who studies the evidence can fail to answer Yes. Granted any amount of wishful thinking and hysteria, there remains a mass of evidence which cannot be faked. The official records are contained in *Les Miracles de Sainte Bernadette,* by l'Abbé Perigord; at first sight it is a stodgy volume, copiously illustrated with medical diagrams and X-ray photographs. But any man who takes the pains to read it, to check the evidence and examine the credentials of the medical witnesses, will find himself following the example of those witnesses themselves. Having come to scoff he will remain to pray.

I had not come to scoff. I had come to see if I could gain, as it were, some reserves of strength to carry me through the years of stress that lay ahead. I think I found them. Of all the nights of beauty I have ever known, none equals the beauty of the night when I joined the throng of pilgrims in procession, in the gathering darkness, singing songs and carrying tapers. Those tapers formed a chain of flickering gold, a mile long. The sky was wearing all her stars; but the brightest light of all came from the grotto of St. Bernadette, blazing with a thousand candles, to which we were wending our way.

One walked in a dream, yet it was a dream in which all the senses were curiously alert. To this day I

can remember individual faces in the crowd, the ecstasy in the eyes of a young German, the smile of ineffable happiness on the lips of a Negro. At last, when all the multitude were gathered together, when all the nations were blended in a great mass that stretched to the far distance, there was silence. Never have I heard anything so beautiful as that silence. True silence, the silence of the spirit, is not a mere absence of noise. Rather is it a harmony of all gentle sounds, a gathering of whispers, a sweet symphony of rest.

So the nations prayed at the grotto that night. A few weeks later their leaders were at each other's throats.

Useless . . .

A SALESMAN for a junior encyclopedia, his foot in the doorway, was fast-talking the young mother of a five-year-old boy and refusing to take No for an answer. "This set of books will answer each and every question your child will ever ask," he said glibly, patting the boy on the head. "You'll never be at a loss for an answer with these." He drew the boy into his act. "Go ahead, Sonny," he went on, opening one of the books, "ask me a question, any question, and I'll show your mother how easy it is to answer by looking in the book."

The little fellow thought for a few seconds, then he asked, "What kind of car does God drive?"

Without a word the salesman folded his brief case and faded down the street.

Argonaut quoted in *Quote* (13 July '52).

. . . Explanations

NEAT STACKS of lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches were racked beside the hors d'oeuvre in preparation for Mrs. Mason's afternoon club tea when she decided to take a beauty nap. But when her girl friends arrived, they walked in without ringing the bell, greeted her in hushed tones, and sat stiffly in their chairs, remaining silent. Mrs. Mason was baffled.

Finally, when the tension grew unbearable, Mrs. Hopkins asked in a sarcastic tone, "Was the note necessary?"

"The note, sakes alive," Mrs. Mason fairly shrieked, suddenly remembering she had forgotten to take down the warning she had posted on the front door for her teen-age boys. It read, "The door is unlocked. Don't pound, and come in quietly. If you must talk, just whisper, and no roughhousing in the living room. Don't ask for anything, and if you dare touch any of the food on the table, I'll skin you alive."

Waldo Carlton Wright.

BOOKS ON PSYCHIATRY

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Case Against Psychoanalysis, *Andrew Salter, N. Y.: Holt, 179 pp. $2.50.*

Who Are the Guilty, *David Abrahamsen, M.D., N. Y.: Rinehart, 340 pp. $5.*

Psychiatry and Catholicism, *James H. Vander Veldt, O.F.M., Ph.D., & Robert P. Odenwald, M.D., F.A.P.A., N. Y.: McGraw-Hill, 433 pp. $6.*

Everyone today has some acquaintance with psychiatric patter. High-school girls and brakemen talk of "split personalities, sadism, and inferiority complexes" with all the *sang-froid* of a first baseman in Toots Shor's saying, "Make mine corned beef on rye." Acquaintance with the verbal rind of the subject is, however, no proof of knowledge.

Actually the great majority of people are confused and disturbed by the dark reaches of psychiatric literature and art. The extravagant kowtowing to the new science among bohemians and pseudo intellectuals has produced an inevitable reaction summed up in a whole spate of jokes that belittle the profession.

That the reaction is far more than a joke may be seen in Andrew Salter's summing up of *The Case Against Psychoanalysis.* In six witty chapters Salter brings forward a great deal of factual evidence against analysis as now practiced that cannot be easily whistled away. The varieties of opinions among schools and practitioners, the flossy claims advanced, and the large failures set down should make the average millionaire cautious before he resigns himself into the hands of the most fashionable practitioner. Salter's book is "clearly and brilliantly" written. It cannot fail to do some good in modifying the baroque fancies of the "pure Freudians" against whom it is particularly directed.

That the term "pure Freudian" has hardly any actual content may be seen in *Who Are the Guilty,* which has a subtitle, *A Study of Education and Crime.* Dr. Abrahamsen is well qualified to discuss his subject both in length of study, interest in it, and long practice. In theory he professes to be a "pure Freudian" but in practice his abundant common sense does much to moderate and balance his theory.

In the chapter "Education Is Prevention," Dr. Abrahamsen is particularly good. His advice to fathers and mothers is so well considered and so much to the point that it should be required reading for all fathers and mothers—for all those, in fact, who have a responsibility toward children, and that includes most of us.

Although, for Catholics, Dr. Abra-

West Coast Cook Book. *Helen Brown. Boston, Little Brown, $4.*

Polyglot recipes from the West and Southwest that are as piquant and varied as western history.

The Chinese Cook Book, *Wallace Yee Hong. N. Y. Crown Publishers, $3.*

If you enjoy Chinese cooking you'll love this book. It has all the exotic dishes that are the cream of the Chinese cuisine.

French Country Cooking, *Elizabeth David. N. Y. Horizon Press, $2.95.*

Exquisite cookery that smells of "Flora and the country green." It's drool-making, even to read.

Electric Blender Recipes, *Mabel Stegner, N. Y. M. Barrows Co., Inc., $3.*

This book will teach you to make the most of your electric blender in preparing fascinating meals for junior and dad.

Successful Entertaining at Home, *Carolyn Coggins. N. Y. Prentice-Hall, Inc., $4.95.*

Carolyn Coggins is the Emily Post of entertaining. She tells you how to give parties with grace and ease, suggests unusual menus.

Elsie's Cook Book, *Elsie the Cow and Harry Botsford. N. Y. Bond Wheelright Co., $3.*

Elsie the Cow really knows how to cook, and Harry Botsford has put this knowledge into delightfully convenient form for her. The sectional introductions will keep you laughing while you cook.

hamsen's convictions about the part religion plays in molding youth are rather vague, and though he seems to overstress mental sickness and avoids all notion of sin, yet his humility toward science and himself is refreshing.

"People in general," he tells us, "will have to help the scientist who, for his part, always has to remember to be modest in his claims. When the scientist and public work hand in hand and both give their best to the cause of eradicating delinquency, we will not fail. But people will not be able to eliminate delinquency unless they recognize their own feelings and the feelings of others. To conquer crime, we have to show courage and wisdom, and at the same time humility. If we can eliminate or reduce those factors eliciting hate and fear in the family, the home will then become, instead of the incubator of crime, the cradle of emotional happiness."

In spite of Dr. Abrahamsen's humility Catholics will feel uneasy in reading many things that his book proposes. Perhaps such uneasiness

has its beginnings in a sense of confusion about psychiatry, and its value to Christians. Much of this confusion can be resolved by a careful reading of *Psychiatry and Catholicism*. The authors are both on the staff of the psychiatry department of the Catholic University of America. They set out to measure the value and use of psychiatry in relation to Christian theology and philosophy.

Though the task is a vast one the authors have succeeded remarkably well in its execution. They have at least made a wide breach in the unrationalized opposition to psychiatry, and they have provided something of a common ground on which the scientist and priest can cooperate.

That is a distinct gain, for it is true, as Bishop Boyle has said in a sparkling preface, "From the time of the beginning of modern psychiatry to the present there have been problems concerning its relationship to Christianity. Many of the opinions voiced have been extreme. For some, psychiatry has supplanted Christianity. Others find no room in the Christian fold for psychiatry, which they consider necessarily heathen. Neither of these extreme positions is true and both are harmful."

Psychiatry has much to teach us about understanding ourselves to the very roots. Though *Psychiatry and Catholicism* is the type of book which will be invaluable to priests, nuns, and nurses it will be equally helpful to all intelligent readers who are struggling to understand themselves and our complex modern world.

The book will be tough reading for most people who haven't studied philosophy, but with competent direction such as the Great Books groups provide, *Psychiatry and Catholicism* may well open the way to a comprehensive understanding of a science to which we all pay lip service, and a Faith we all need to deepen.

BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. The Wonderful Adventures of Ting Ling, *by Vernon Bowen (David McKay, $2).*

Intermediate—9 to 12. Shepherds of Fatima, *by F. R. John de Marchi (Sheed, $2).*

Boys—12 to 16. Earthbound, *by Milton Lesser (Winston, $2).*

Girls—12 to 16. The Wind Blows Free, *by Loula Grace Erdman (Dodd, Mead, $2.50).*

Knowledge Builders. The Trojan War, *by Olivia E. Coolidge (Houghton, $3).*

PHOTOS BY WALLACE LITWIN



Padre Joaquin Salcedo reads to his 7,000 peasant students.



ABC's in the Andes

A priest uses short-wave radio to teach 7,000 peasants to read and write

EACH DAY, Monday through Thursday, just before 5 P.M., a young dark-skinned boy in rough peasant clothes steps up to a length of steel rail hanging from the projecting beam of a farmhouse at Sutatenza in Boyaca, Colombia.

The short-wave radio receiver on a near-by table seems strangely out of place in a peasant



As the peasants hear the padre's voice over the radio, a local teacher writes on a blackboard.



Padre Salçedo inspects the framework for the short-wave transmitter antennas.

village where even a necktie is a symbol of wealth. The radio is tuned to 1580 kc, to receive radio station HJKI, a 300-watt broadcasting station operated in the village by Padre Joaquin Salcedo, pastor of the Valle de Tenza parish.

The boy hears a thin, serious voice come through the loudspeaker: "Fifteen seconds . . . ten seconds . . . five seconds . . . *Ahora!* (Now!)" Instantly he starts banging on the rail with a short stick, and a resonant clang reverberates along the unpaved main street of the town, and among the tiny farmhouses clinging to the towering spine of the Andes.

Men and women lay down their tools and come in from the cane fields. They trudge toward the radio, still wearing the honest dirt of the field.

Some of them lead donkeys, others carry their hoes and shovels.

The aged and decrepit, and the sad-faced *mujeres* preparing the evening meal, emerge from their

crude cane huts and join the grimy queue. Shopkeepers close their doors and make for the Ovejeras school, as the farmhouse is called.

Within 15 minutes, all but a few last-lick plowers are gathered in a noisy cluster around the radio. They chat amiably, and carefree laughter mingles with the cackling of startled parrots.

A lissome, swarthy woman, obviously of Indian heritage, dressed primly in black cotton, with her ebony hair tied neatly in the back, raps on the table on which the radio stands. The cover of the wooden box in which the radio came is raised, revealing a picture of the Virgin Mary. A small blackboard on an easel stands next to it.

Padre Salcedo speaks again: "*Atención, todos.* Now we begin." Like candles being extinguished simultaneously, the voices are stilled and all eyes are fixed on the *auxiliaria,* or assistant teacher. The voice from the radio starts the lesson for the day.

The pupils in this alfresco schoolroom follow the voice assiduously, peering the while at small, paper-covered textbooks, especially prepared for this purpose. Padre Salcedo speaks, "*Ah, ay, ee, o, oo,*" the Spanish equivalents of our vowel sounds. The *auxiliaria* writes the letters on the blackboard while the pupils repeat them aloud, reading from the textbooks. The next day, the subject might be spelling the names of farm produce, or drawing animals, or writing short sentences.

Simultaneously, in 90 tiny villages scattered through the Valle de Tenza, the same scene is enacted with minor variations. Instead of a farmhouse patio, the *escuelita* might be the village square, the inside of the municipal building, or the *bodega,* or general store. And the assistant teacher might be a youth who has visited Bogotá several times; or a retired farmer or a housewife who has more education than the rest of the inhabitants.

The classes number between 50 and 100, and total around 7,000 in the area served by the radio station. Thus has education come to the peasants of one small segment of mountainous Colombia.

Padre Salcedo conceived this project, and developed it over many obstacles, pretending not to hear when it was slightingly referred to as "the folly of a radio ham," which he is.

Austere, ascetic, and nervous but affable, the padre is both dreamer and realist to the outside observer; shepherd, Father confessor, brother, and educator to his humble listeners. He is affectionately hailed by his admiring people as the Apostle of the Air Waves.

He literally controls the destinies of his 7,000 charges. He has a public-address system, with loud-speakers placed all over town. When he needs help for any project, he sim-

ply broadcasts his need for a certain number of laborers for the next day, and they'll be there as certain as dawn.

This unique education project is officially known as the Radiophonic School. It was auspiciously inaugurated Sept. 6, 1949, by Dr. Mariano Ospina Perez, retiring president of Colombia. The government has given it support in several ways.

The ministry of education has supplied thousands of textbooks and is preparing a group of trained educators to assist Padre Salcedo when his new powerful short-wave transmitting station is completed. Then more than 1,000 sets will be distributed to the rural areas of every corner of Colombia. Padre Salcedo's voice will ring out over the rich plains and mountains for a range of hundreds of miles in every direction, and he will penetrate the fog of ignorance which covers more than 100,000 people.

His immediate objective is to teach the great mass of illiterate natives to read and write. The curriculum is rounded out with lessons in national history, agriculture, sanitation, music, courtesy, and civic obligations. Religious instruction is limited to a half-hour sermon on Sunday.

Thus one of Colombia's most serious problems is solved, at least for a small percentage of the illiterate population. Millions of peasants live in such mountainous jungle country, inaccessible from the big cities, that there is little opportunity to educate them.

It is impractical to build schools for hundreds of villages of only about 100 persons each. It is also impractical for children to go to the nearest big towns where there are schools, even if the roads were passable, because they must work all day to help wrest a meager living from the soil.

Itinerant teachers, if there were enough of them, wouldn't solve the problem, either, since they would be unable to enter most of the villages during the rainy season.

It took the vision and burning zeal of this young priest, ordained in May, 1947, and the assistance of American industry, to find a small solution to the overwhelming problem. Padre Salcedo continually tells his listeners that they should be proud of being pioneers in one of the most progressive experiments in mass education.

"The whole world is looking at

UN Takes Note

FATHER SALCEDO has just visited Paris, where he discussed with UNESCO his methods for bringing the rudiments of education to those who have no opportunity for schooling because of lack of facilities or regular teachers. UNESCO experts are reported considering extension of the plan to other countries.

NCWC (20 July '52).

you," he says, "because you may be showing how to turn on the light of knowledge for millions of unfortunate people who live in mental darkness."

To incite his pupils to better action, he encourages them to send their notebooks to him for grading. He has thousands of them piled in a cabinet in his quarters in Sutatenza, but dutifully checks all.

When he finds a student who seems to be making considerable progress, he announces his name over the air. Occasionally, he singles out one town as doing the best over-all work, to inspire other villages to earn his praise.

Joaquin Salcedo was born in Corrales, Boyaca, on Dec. 27, 1922. Two years ago he came to the U. S. to confer with GE engineers about obtaining the necessary transmitting equipment and short-wave sets. They were furnished at cost. So great is Padre Salcedo's influence over his people that they contributed to the funds to pay for the sets, complete with batteries, blackboards, chalk, and lengths of discarded steel rail.

Padre Salcedo tells a story which illustrates the loyalty of his parishioners. One man had saved $20 for the new building. The day before he was going to give it, he went on a spree and was jailed. He was fined $20, but chose to remain in jail two days to avoid the fine. When released, he promptly gave the money to the padre.

Now volunteer laborers are building padre's new transmitting station. When he decided it was time to chop down tall trees five miles from town and drag them to Sutatenza for use as antennas, he put out a call over the loud-speaker. "I need two score strong men, with oxen, tomorrow morning to drag trees to the village." Next morning the square was jammed.

As soon as the building is completed, a radio theater will be built in which the people will stage plays, sketches, and concerts. After that will come a modern, two-story, 12-room parish house with reasonably modern plumbing, in which he'll receive the Bishop of Boyaca, and visitors from all over the world. And the govern-

General Electric engineers explain to the padre the construction of one of the 700 battery receivers he purchased from their firm. He also bought a one-kilowatt short-wave transmitter.





Children chant the lesson along with the radio.

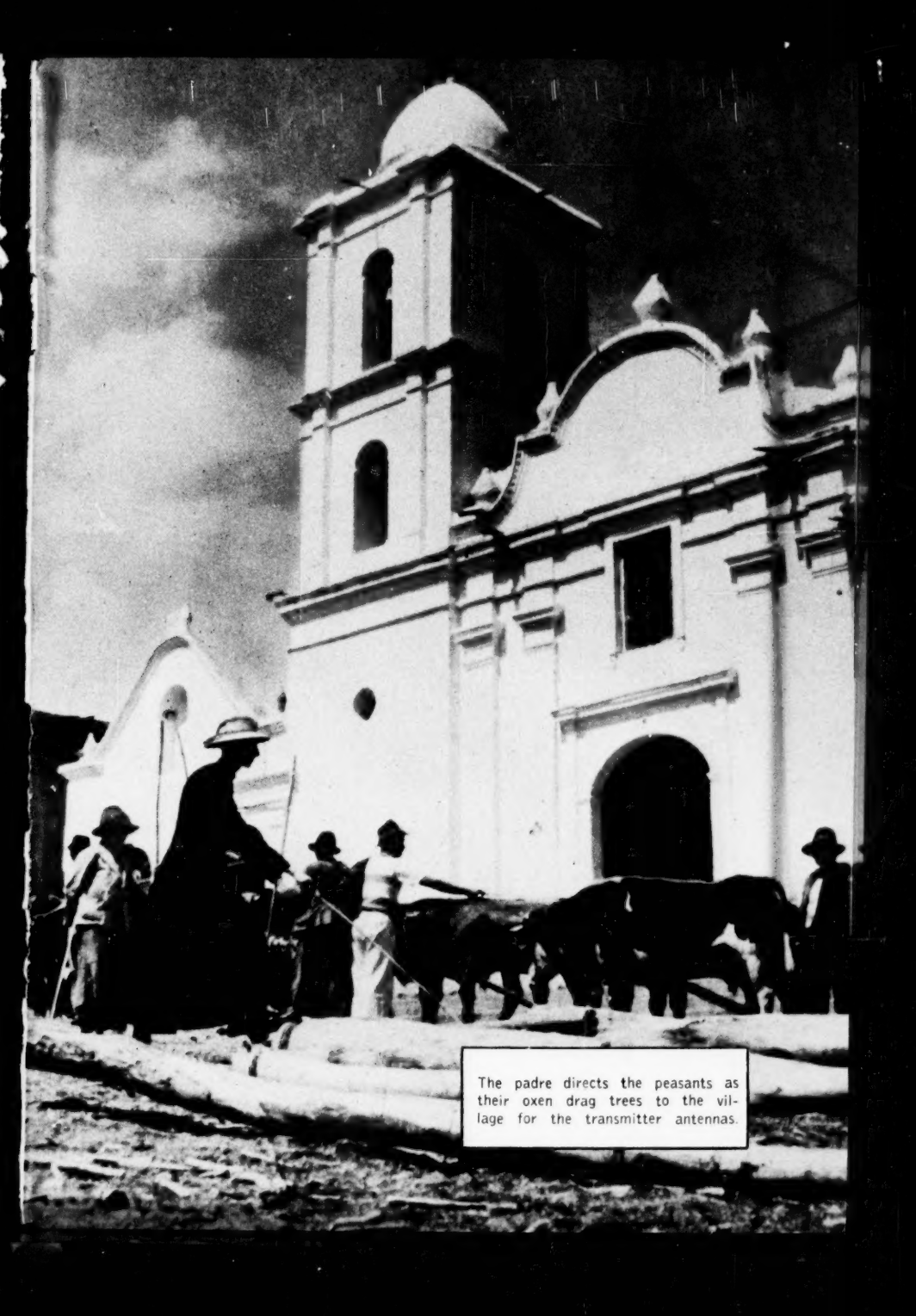
ment has promised him a paved road between Guateque, the nearest market town, and Sutatenza.

Meanwhile, Padre Salcedo lives with the simplicity of a monk. He eats frugally, the same simple fare as the natives in his parish. He is a realist, however, and keeps a supply of spirits on hand for visitors from the outside world who might expect such hospitality. He works from dawn to dusk, physically, and from sundown to midnight or longer, poring over papers and books.

When he arrives in town early in the morning breathless and perspiring astride Cantinflas, his pet donkey, he presents a rather strange figure, clad in black robes from neck to ankle, with an imported cloth jacket over his frail chest and a pith helmet to protect him from the sun.

While we were watching one of his classes at Sutatenza, the pupils were repeating the vowels over and over again. Finally, they were told to stop. They all did, except one.

All eyes turned in the direction of the culprit, a knowledge-thirsty parrot.



The padre directs the peasants as their oxen drag trees to the village for the transmitter antennas.

RX Division
U. S. S. ST. PAUL (CA 73)
c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.

30 May, 1952

Editors
The Catholic Digest
41 East 8th Street
St. Paul 2, Minn.

Gentlemen:

May I take this opportunity to thank you for the splendid way my initial subscription and forwarding of subsequent monthly issues has been handled?

I have learned after only four issues to prize my subscription as invaluable from the standpoint of forthright and varied articles, inducement to good thinking, and sheer interest. I am looking forward to welcoming your fine magazine into my home over the years to come.

Very Respectfully,

Mac Hull ENS USN

P.S. The Catholic Digest has been a good thought-provoking companion during this past winter in Korean waters.

SAL NAVE
925 W. MAIN ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.

June 24, 1952

The Catholic Digest
41 East 8th Street
St. Paul 2, Minn

Dear Father Bussard,

I'm one of your many satisfied subscribers, however, just a little bit different because I'm sort of a one-man public relations worker

You see, I teach music, piano, and vocal, and at my studio, I always keep copies of the Catholic Digest and other magazines for my students-in-waiting to read Well, most of my students are non-Catholic but the one book they ask for is, of course, "Catholic Digest"

I myself find it more interesting with each new issue.

Just thought you'd like to know

Thanks for listening Kindest regards

Sincerely,

Mr. Sal L. Nave